



Daily Mirror

TO-MORROW
IS
"Daily Mirror"
GALA DAY
AT THE
Crystal Palace.

No. 278.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

Coupon of Admission
will appear in this space.

TRAGEDY OF THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN.



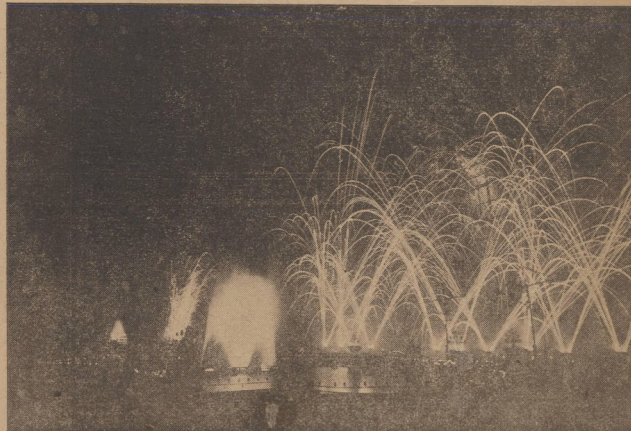
The Devil's Kitchen, the black chasm on the northern slope of the Glyders, one of the most dangerous spots in the district of Snowdon, which was the scene of the accident by which Mr. W. H. T. Hudson, a senior wrangler and lecturer in mathematics at Liverpool University, lost his life.

A PERILOUS OCCUPATION.

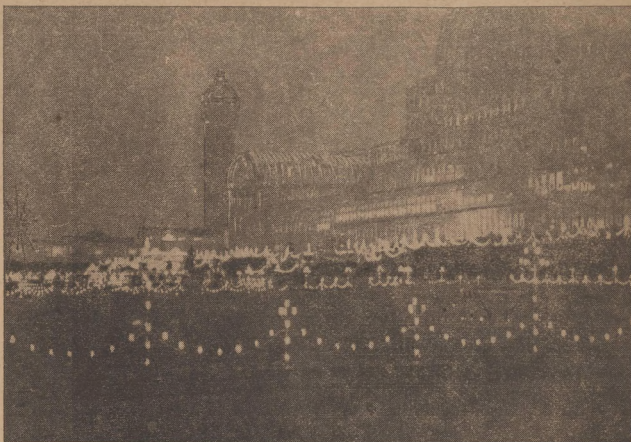


A telephone wireman repairing a cable across New Bridge-street, E.C. This feat is a perilous one, but nothing compared to the great aerial performance by Orion at the "Mirror's" Free Entertainment at the Crystal Palace to-morrow.

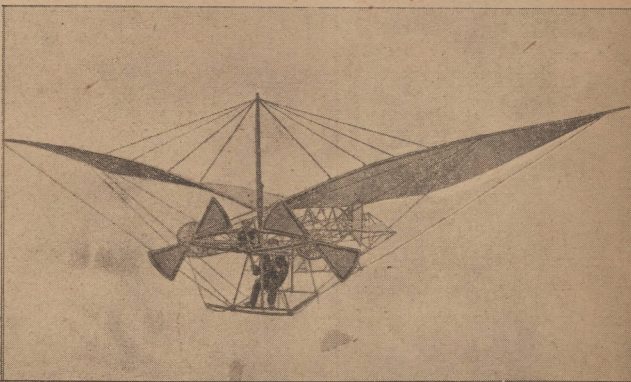
"MIRROR" GALA DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE TO-MORROW.



This picture of a firework display will help to form an idea of the magnificent spectacle that is in store for "Mirror" readers at the Great Free Entertainment at the Crystal Palace to-morrow. The fire feast, which has been arranged by Messrs. Brock for "Mirror" Gala Day, will be one of the grandest sights ever witnessed.



Thousands of fairy lamps of all shades and colours will illuminate the grounds and terraces of the Crystal Palace to-morrow—"Mirror" Gala Day.



The great new airship, built by Messrs. Spencer Brothers, the well-known aeronauts, which will be shown for the first time at the Crystal Palace to-morrow. It flies like a bird.

BIRTHS

VENN-ELLIS.—On September 17, at 54, Grove Hill-road, Tunbridge Wells, the wife of Lieut.-Commander R. Venn-ellis, R.N., H.M.S. ship, of a daughter.

WATTS.—On Monday, September 19, at 3, Brigstock-road, Thornton Heath, the wife of M. R. L. White, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES

BOX-ELLIS.—On the 21st inst. at St. Stephen's, West Twickenham, by the Rev. W. M. Johnston, Wilfrid Leonard Box, of Gillingham, St. Margaret, and Elizabeth Box, of the late Mr. J. Box, of Newton, Lincolnshire.

FRISCH-CLARKE.—On September 17, at Mount-Rest, Devonshire-square, Walter Frank Frisch, of 42, Park-lane, W., to Dora Kenrick Clarke, youngest daughter of Thomas Clarke, Esq., of Heston, Middlesex.

DEATHS

BAILLY.—On September 18, at the late Thomas Peter Bailly, of Blackheath, aged 51.

WATTS.—On September 18, at Exeter, Mary (Mollie), wife of Lieut.-Colonel T. E. Lindsey, B.A., C.I.E., I.M.S.

PERSONAL

R. T. F.—Yes, Haywards Tube, 6.30.—LEO.

BELLA.—Don't worry. Only bad temper and liver. Fit again now. Hoping to see you next week.—T.

JAP.—Have been longing to see you. You can meet me on the 24th at Bromley, Saturday, 3.30.—ALFRED.

MUSIC for the Million.—Composers of high-class and popular music might find it advantageous to communicate with the Music Editor, "Daily Mirror," Carmelite-street, E.C.

PRIVATE INQUIRY.—Author of "Guide to Employment," would like to communicate with anyone having knowledge of the working of private inquiry office of London Supply in confidence. Box 1559, "Daily Mirror" Office, Carmelite-street, E.C.

* * * The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 5 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of 10 pence per line for 14, 15, and 20, and per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column charged 6d. per line, and 4d. per word for 15 and 20 lines. Advertisement Manager "Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

WESTMINSTER TRUST FOR FREE ART STUDENTS.

Under this Trust provision is made for the Free Tuition (within certain limits) of students of Students in Drawing and Modelling at Schools of Art approved by the Trustees. Candidates must be in real need of assistance, and must be resident within the boundaries of the City of Westminster. There is no limitation as to sex or to the number of candidates. Applications for admission are preferred. Forms of application may be obtained of the Secretary, 50, Broad Horse-road, Fulham, London, W.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI. Lessee and Manager, OTTO STUART. To-night, Lessee and Manager, OTTO STUART. To-night, Lessee and Manager, OTTO STUART. To-night, Lessee and Manager, OTTO STUART.

CRITERION. Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. To-night, Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. To-night, Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham. To-night, Lessee, Sir Chas. Wyndham.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. To-night and every evening, 8.20. Pantomime, "The Tempest."

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL. LAST NIGHTS. To-night and every evening at 8.30. Pantomime, "The Prince of Wales."

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE. To-night at 8.15. The Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE OF WALES. LAST 9 PERFORMANCES. To-morrow and Wednesday next at 2.15.

ST. JAMES'S. Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. To-night and every evening at 8.30. Pantomime, "The Prince of Wales."

KENNINGTON THEATRE. To-night at 7.45. Mat. Thursday, 2.30. Pantomime, "The Prince of Wales."

CORONET THEATRE. To-night at 8.30. Pantomime, "The Prince of Wales."

CAMDEN THEATRE. To-night at 8.30. Pantomime, "The Prince of Wales."

CROWN THEATRE. To-night at 8.30. Pantomime, "The Prince of Wales."

THE OXFORD. To-night at 8.30. Pantomime, "The Prince of Wales."

THE PRINCE OF WALES. To-night at 8.30. Pantomime, "The Prince of Wales."

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Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.—When replying to advertisements addressed to the "Daily Mirror" Office no remittance should be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A A-LADIES' Skirts made to measure by experts; ab-solutely tailor-made; new autumn colours, 6s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.; 21s. 6d. worth 25s. 6d. worth 30s. 6d. worth 35s. 6d. worth 40s. 6d. worth 45s. 6d. worth 50s. 6d. worth 55s. 6d. worth 60s. 6d. worth 65s. 6d. worth 70s. 6d. worth 75s. 6d. worth 80s. 6d. worth 85s. 6d. worth 90s. 6d. worth 95s. 6d. worth 100s. 6d. worth 105s. 6d. worth 110s. 6d. worth 115s. 6d. worth 120s. 6d. worth 125s. 6d. worth 130s. 6d. worth 135s. 6d. worth 140s. 6d. worth 145s. 6d. worth 150s. 6d. worth 155s. 6d. worth 160s. 6d. worth 165s. 6d. worth 170s. 6d. worth 175s. 6d. worth 180s. 6d. worth 185s. 6d. worth 190s. 6d. worth 195s. 6d. worth 200s. 6d. worth 205s. 6d. worth 210s. 6d. worth 215s. 6d. worth 220s. 6d. worth 225s. 6d. worth 230s. 6d. worth 235s. 6d. worth 240s. 6d. worth 245s. 6d. worth 250s. 6d. worth 255s. 6d. worth 260s. 6d. worth 265s. 6d. worth 270s. 6d. worth 275s. 6d. worth 280s. 6d. worth 285s. 6d. worth 290s. 6d. worth 295s. 6d. worth 300s. 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worth 3865s. 6d. worth 3870s. 6d. worth 3875s. 6d. worth 3880s. 6d. worth 3885s. 6d. worth 3890s. 6d. worth 3895s. 6d. worth 3900s. 6d. worth 3905s. 6d. worth 3910s. 6d. worth 3915s. 6d. worth 3920s. 6d. worth 3925s. 6d. worth 3930s. 6d. worth 3935s. 6d. worth 3940s. 6d. worth 3945s. 6d. worth 3950s. 6d. worth 3955s. 6d. worth 3960s. 6d. worth 3965s. 6d. worth 3970s. 6d. worth 3975s. 6d. worth 3980s. 6d. worth 3985s. 6d. worth 3990s. 6d. worth 3995s. 6d. worth 4000s. 6d. worth 4005s. 6d. worth 4010s. 6d. worth 4015s. 6d. worth 4020s. 6d. worth 4025s. 6d. worth 4030s. 6d. worth 4035s. 6d. worth 4040s. 6d. worth 4045s. 6d. worth 4050s. 6d. worth 4055s. 6d. worth 4060s. 6d. worth 4065s. 6d. worth 4070s. 6d. worth 4075s. 6d. worth 4080s. 6d. worth 4085s. 6d. worth 4090s. 6d. worth 4095s. 6d. worth 4100s. 6d. worth 4105s. 6d. worth 4110s. 6d. worth 4115s. 6d. worth 4120s. 6d. worth 4125s. 6d. worth 4130s. 6d. worth 4135s. 6d. worth 4140s. 6d. worth 4145s. 6d. worth 4150s. 6d. worth 4155s. 6d. worth 4160s. 6d. worth 4165s. 6d. worth 4170s. 6d. worth 4175s. 6d. worth 4180s. 6d. worth 4185

PALACE OF DELIGHT.

Fine Day Probable for the Great Carnival.

HINTS TO OUR GUESTS.

What To Do, and What Not To Do.

WATCH FOR PRIZE DISCS.

BIG "DON'TS" FOR TOMORROW.

DON'T CRUSH. Women and children will be present.

DON'T RUSH. There will be plenty to see and plenty of time to see it in.

DON'T LOITER about the staircases.

DON'T keep under cover all the time. Great things will happen hourly in the grounds.

DON'T disobey the officials and police.

DON'T CROWD INTO THE TRAINS. It is dangerous.

DON'T ENTER OR LEAVE the Palace by the nearest entrances and exits. You will save time by walking to the others.

DON'T forget that there are entrances and exits in Crystal Palace Park-road, Thicket-road, and at Rookhills.

DON'T SWARM at the principal entrance.

DON'T OVERBUDEN THE LONDON RAILWAYS. The Elephant and Castle can be reached from every quarter of the metropolis. Hence trams and buses travel to within easy walking distance of the Palace.

DON'T OMIT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE CHILDREN. The care of the little ones is your individual duty.

DON'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER. Remember what you are receiving for nothing.

DON'T crush or jostle others at the entrances to the railway platforms. It is dangerous.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR SATURDAY BY THE "DAILY MIRROR" METEOROLOGIST.

I see no indication that the existing type of weather will change materially.

To-morrow a bright day may be expected, with a fresh easterly breeze and occasional periods of warm sunshine.

We are on the eve of the great day. At this time to-morrow scores of thousands of scissors will be snipping from the right-hand top corner of the *Daily Mirror* the little coupon which will act as the "Open Sesame" at Sydenham.

Long before then our more distant readers in the country will have started for London.

These visitors will experience no difficulty in obtaining the *Daily Mirror* on their arrival in London. If the bookstall clerk at the railway terminal has sold out, the visitors are advised not to worry, but to proceed at once to the Crystal Palace, where at the stations and at the Palace turnstiles a bountiful supply of *Mirrors* will be found.

It has come to our knowledge that little "syndicates" have been formed to buy up vast quantities of *Mirrors* and sell them at "fancy prices." It is our intention to "frustrate these knavish tricks."

Arrangements have been made whereby it will be quite unnecessary for anyone, wherever he or she may live, to pay more than the usual halfpenny for to-morrow's paper.

That is the price at which we are offering to our readers an entertainment that ordinarily would cost them several shillings, even supposing that any "entrepreneur" had the courage and the capital to embark upon such a gigantic enterprise. The full programme appears elsewhere in this issue. It speaks for itself.

Now, this being the eve of what we hope and believe will be the greatest event of its kind ever seen in England, we should like, figuratively speaking, to gather all our invited guests about us, and, in the friendliest spirit, give them a few words of advice.

Above all, we would urge everyone to study carefully the "Don'ts" that appear at the head of this column.

Remember, and act upon everyone of those "Don'ts," and triumphant success will attend the *Daily Mirror* Game.

We want no crowding. Gentlemen are requested not to crush—others mustn't.

Another thing: We should like every adult person to keep an eye on the children, and extend

(Continued on page 10.)

"DAILY MIRROR" DAY AT THE PALACE.

It has come to our knowledge that several newsvendors are endeavouring to obtain a penny, and in some few cases twopence, for a copy of to-morrow's issue, which will, as we have announced, contain a coupon entitling the purchaser to free admission to the Crystal Palace on that day.

The price of the "Daily Mirror" to-morrow will be THE USUAL PRICE of the "Daily Mirror"—VIZ., ONE HALFPENNY—and we shall be obliged if readers will send us the name and address of any news-vendor who refuses to supply the paper at this price.

Remember the price of the "Daily Mirror" to-morrow will be, as usual, ONE HALFPENNY.

SACRED UNIFORM.

Soldier's Right To Run a Civilian Through.

BERLIN, Thursday.—The "Berliner Tageblatt" publishes an account of an extraordinary incident which is creating a sensation in Strassburg.

A young artillery cadet, seeing the servant of a well-known lawyer at that city riding a bicycle, mistook his livery for uniform, and angrily rebuked the man for not saluting.

Thereupon the man, who was a Bavarian, jokingly explained the difference between a civilian's livery and a soldier's uniform.

The enraged cadet called a passing soldier and had the servant arrested. The man was subsequently released and complained to the colonel of the regiment, who upheld the cadet's action, maintaining that the cadet had the right to run his sword through the servant, as he had insulted the German uniform.

The servant will now have to appear before a court of law for insulting the cadet.—Reuter.

RUSSIA PROTESTS.

Dissatisfied with Our Advantageous Treaty with Tibet.

A telegram to the "Petit Parisien," from St. Petersburg (says Reuter), asserts that Russia is preparing a diplomatic protest against the Anglo-Tibetan Treaty.

The Russian Press teems with expressions of dissatisfaction over the treaty, which is regarded as establishing a British protectorate.

The "Novoye Vremya," commenting on Mr. Brodick's speech at Bromley, says: "To his declaration that the Indian army was prepared, Russia can reply, 'We, also, are ready.'"

The "Bourse Gazette" says: "Thanks to the war in which Russia is engaged, Great Britain has obtained from Tibet more than she contemplated at the beginning of her expedition. Will the Powers accept the Treaty without raising any objections?"

CAR BLOWN TO PIECES.

Awful Results of a Collision with a Dynamite Package.

MELROSE (Mass.), Thursday.—An electric street-car containing thirty-two passengers, was blown to pieces here last night, having struck a fifty-pound package of dynamite which had fallen from an express wagon.

Nine persons were killed, and nineteen taken to hospital more or less injured. The driver of the express wagon had missed the package, and was running back for it when the explosion occurred.

Only 10ft. of the rear of the car remained. The passengers were mostly men, but two women and a baby were killed. The accident occurred near the centre of the town, and windows were shattered by the force of the explosion for a quarter of a mile round.—Reuter.

PARSON AS HORSE DEALER.

For three hours the elders of the Methodist Church at Maysville, Kentucky, have discussed whether their minister, the Rev. W. A. Penn, should be allowed to deal in horses.

In this way, our New York correspondent states, he has entered his small stipend, but he was accused of spending more time on his horses than his parishioners. But as it was proved that he ran his horse-dealing business on legitimate lines the motion for his dismissal was eventually withdrawn.

QUICKEST TRAIN IN EUROPE.

The North-Eastern Railway Company propose to run next month from Leeds, the quickest train in Europe.

The 230 miles to Edinburgh will be covered in four hours nineteen minutes or thirteen minutes faster than the Midland trains.

The speed between York and Darlington will exceed sixty-one miles an hour.

The American battleship Missouri has broken the record for target practice, obtaining 100 per cent. of hits in sixteen shots.

ART IN COFFINS.

Efforts to Make Undertaking a Liberal Profession.

The Undertakers' Congress closed at Manchester last night.

A member informed a representative, with becoming gravity, that the object of the exhibition is to raise the undertaker's business to the dignity of a profession.

"You see," he went on, "at one time low-class people were only to be found in the villages he is only a joiner or a cab proprietor. We want to attract men of artistic temperament, and to teach those who live in the country how to eliminate all that is horrid and repulsive in death."

The hall in which the exhibit was held resembled a huge catacomb. There were mahogany coffins with antique copper fittings and lined with costly trimmings, and oak coffins capable of containing a shell with glass face. There was a child's casket of white plush, which, when the sides were released by springs, revealed an interior beautifully upholstered in white satin.

The most picturesque part of the exhibition was the shrouds, the daintiness of which was suggestive of Parisian lingerie.

HUMAN STATUE.

Man Stands Thirty Hours in a Busy Street.

A well-dressed man stood in front of a restaurant at 336, Bowery, New York, looking blankly in the window.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, and his continual stare frightened the proprietor, who watched him anxiously.

At midnight the proprietor, who had forgotten the strange watcher, was surprised on leaving the restaurant to find that he was still looking blankly through the window.

He asked the man if he wanted anything to eat, but received only an unintelligible reply.

The proprietor went home, and at 7 a.m. next morning returned to his restaurant. There stood the man.

At noon the man still stood in the same attitude. The police were fetched, but they would not interfere.

At midnight, however, as he still stood outside the restaurant an ambulance was fetched, and he was taken to the St. Vincent Hospital.

Here he was found to be suffering from muscular cataplexy, a malady in which muscles remain completely rigid. The doctor, however, was surprised that the man had stood for thirty hours.

STEER CHARGES MOTOR-CAR.

Automobilists Thrown Into the Air in a Fierce Encounter.

In Twelfth-street, Philadelphia, our New York correspondent states, a duel has taken place between a steer and a motor-car.

The car, one of twenty horse-power, was being driven by its owner, Mr. R. Daniels, a lawyer. As it drew near a troop of steers, one of them became enraged at the noise of the horn.

The animal deliberately charged the motor-car, wrecking the lamp and losing one horn.

The maddened beast withdrew for a second charge. Just then the owner started his machine, and steer and motor-car came together in one terrific charge.

There was a fearful smash, the two occupants of the car were shot high into the air, and fell in the road. The machine ran right over the animal, which bystanders rushed in and secured before it could get up.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: North-easterly breezes; fair and cool generally; slight drizzling rain at times locally.

Lighting-up time: 6.50 p.m.

Sea passages will be moderate in the south and east; smooth in the west.

COUNSELS OF DESPAIR

Bottled-up Fleet To Make a Sortie.

THE COMING BATTLE.

Marshal Oyama Appeals for a Supreme Effort.

Driven to desperation by the incessant bombardment of the harbour, the Russian fleet at Port Arthur has determined to make another sortie this week.

The officers and crews have evidently resolved that it is better to die fighting than to await almost certain destruction in the shelterless harbour.

Painful anxiety will attend the result of this heroic resolve, as it is difficult to believe that the remnant of Russia's fleet can either fight or run away from the sleepless Togo.

Inside the fortress, matters are daily growing worse. Coal is running short, the Japanese have cut off the water supply, and the Japanese guns now command the interior forts.

Near Mukden a battle is hourly expected. The Japanese have been reinforced by 100,000 men, and three armies, comprising 220,000 men, are now steadily advancing on the City of Tombs.

Marshal Oyama has issued a stirring appeal to his men, urging them to make a supreme effort in the forthcoming battle.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN NAVAL SORTIE.

SHANGHAI, Thursday.—The Russian fleet at Port Arthur, comprising five ironclads and nine destroyers, has been temporarily repaired, and is said to be determined to make a sortie this week owing to the incessant bombardment of the harbour.—Reuter.

TOKYO, Thursday.—It seems certain that the Japanese possess Kuropatkin Port and another to the westward, which they carried by a desperate assault.

Both heights overlook Port Arthur, and enable the Japanese to command the interior forts.—Reuter.

COAL SUPPLIES RUNNING OUT.

TSINGTAU, Thursday.—Several colliers are here with cargo believed to be intended for Port Arthur. The Foxton Hall has transferred her Cardiff coal to the German collier Erika.

The local authorities would not allow the Erika to leave until an assurance was given that she would not attempt to make Port Arthur.

She sails at daybreak, and Japan is given as her destination. It is believed, however, that she will ultimately proceed to Port Arthur, the Russians offering stupendous inducements for coal there.

Mr. W. S. Davidson, an American coal merchant, who left Port Arthur on February 15, states that on that date there were less than 200,000 tons of coal at Port Arthur.

Owing to the fact that the Russian warships have had to keep up full steam day and night for nearly eight months, and that the coal required for water condensation, a coal famine must now be prevalent. The Japanese cut the water supply some time ago, and the garrison had since been depending on the condensers.—Reuter's Special Service.

BATTLE HOURLY EXPECTED.

MUKDEN, Thursday.—A battle is expected hourly in the vicinity of Fushan, thirty miles east of Mukden.

General Kuropatkin says there are indications that the Japanese intend assuming the offensive and trying to turn the Russian left wing.

Another message says that 230,000 Japanese are steadily advancing on Mukden.

General Kuropatkin is advancing to the East, while Generals Nodzu and Oku are threatening the right flank of General Kuropatkin's army.

Engagements in the neighbourhood of the passes are continuous.

General Kuropatkin complains that the roads are in bad condition, rendering the transport of artillery extremely difficult.

Since the battle of Liao-yang, the Japanese have been reinforced by eight divisions, or about 100,000 men.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN LOSSES AT LIAO-YANG.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—Official returns state that the number of Russians killed at Liao-yang was 1,810; 10,811 men were wounded, and 1,212 were left on the field.

Of the regimental officers 54 were killed and 252 wounded, two generals were killed, and three generals wounded; five officers were left on the field.—Reuter.

"WE ALSO ARE READY."

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The "Novoye Vremya," commenting on Mr. Brodick's speech at Bromley, says: "To his declaration that the Indian Army was prepared, Russia can reply, 'We also are ready.'"—Reuter.

LADY CURZON

VERY ILL.

Her Condition Gives Rise to Great Alarm.

SPECIALISTS SUMMONED.

Lady Curzon is much more seriously ill than was at first thought. Indeed, her condition yesterday gave rise to the gravest anxiety.

Lord Curzon's departure for India is indefinitely postponed on account of her ladyship's illness, and he is watching with devotion at his wife's bedside.

On Wednesday Lady Curzon's indisposition first assumed a grave character. Her condition became worse during the night, and yesterday the two local physicians who had been attending her at Walmer Castle acknowledged themselves unable to do more in the case. A famous London specialist was urgently summoned by telegraph, and arrived last night.

He at once recognised the extreme gravity of Lady Curzon's condition. She is lying in an extremely exhausted condition, and is said to be almost comatose. Our representative, on inquiring at the Castle last night, was told that great alarm was felt.

Lord Curzon's Devotion.

Lord Curzon remained by his wife's side the whole of yesterday, and is quite overwhelmed. All his plans respecting his return to India to resume the vice-regal duties have been cancelled.

During yesterday about two hundred telegrams were received from all parts of the world making inquiries as to Lady Curzon's condition.

Two famous Paris specialists have been summoned, and will arrive by special train at Walmer after travelling by special express from Paris.

At Walmer, where Lady Curzon, by her bright and gracious manner, has endeared herself to everyone, the keenest sympathy has been aroused in her illness. It is believed that her ladyship's motor-car ride of Tuesday was undertaken too soon after her recent illness, and this is understood to have set up severe internal hemorrhage.

PATHOS OF A LIFE.

Old Musician's Wanderings with a Devoted Daughter.

Publicity given to the pathetic story of Henry de Veaux, the Westminster musician, who died in Westminster Hospital, has resulted in the discovery of a son of the old gentleman at Bromley, Kent.

The son states that he had not heard of his father and sister for eight years till he read of their death. It now appears that Mr. Henry Norman Livermore, known as Professor de Veaux, was born at Edmonton, seventy-two years ago, his father, a retired pawnbroker, having carried on business at Forest Gate and in Drury-lane.

Passing many degrees at college, young Livermore became a lay preacher, and then taking up music as a profession, he at the age of twenty-two, conducted the orchestra at her late majesty's promenade concerts.

One of his daughters married Surgeon de Costa, a son of a former Cabinet Minister. This daughter, whose name was Edith, has been lost sight of by the family for some years.

Old age overtaking him, the Professor was compelled to leave the stage, and his daughter Ella, known as Madame Ella de Veaux, having promised her mother at her death-bed never to leave her father, also left the stage, and the two roomed the country together, getting engagements at private concerts, giving music-lessons, and performing at the seaside.

At Hastings they were known as the "Psychic Harmonists." At length their failure to charm drove them to poverty, and they had recently passed as husband and wife.

The Professor and his devoted daughter were buried in the same grave.

STROLLING ROUND THE WORLD.

It is astonishing how many people go for a walk round the world.

There called at this office yesterday Innocenti Arnaldo, a young Italian journalist, bedecked with medals.

In a mixture of four languages he explained that he left Rome on February 29, 1898, to walk round the world for a wage of 10,000 francs.

He has marched through India and China and was at Peking during the Boxer rising.

Next week he hopes to sail for the United States, where, if he can reach it before closing time, he will visit the St. Louis Exposition.

Seven years is the time limit for the completion of his stroll.

The Paris "Journal" is organising a race for motor-cars from Dunkirk to Nice, via the Garonne and the Canal du Midi.

CUT OFF BY FLAMES.

Women Crawl Over a Roof in Night Attire.

Fire broke out at the Brewers' Arms Hotel, Chatham, yesterday morning.

The barmaids and servants in the upper rooms found their retreat cut off by the flames, but, dressed in their night attire, they got out of a garret window, travelled along the roof, and were saved by dropping into a policeman's arms.

Twenty-five families have been rendered homeless by a terrible fire which occurred yesterday afternoon in a large tenement house at Gavan, near Glasgow.

Two old women over seventy were rescued with difficulty by the police. The entire tenement was gutted, the fire brigade being useless.

BAGMAN MOTORISTS.

Commercial No Longer Employ the Decayed Brougham.

Commercial travellers nowadays do not need to occupy seedy-looking, broken-down broughams. The gentleman of to-day travels about in his motor-car.

The value of motor-cars for this class of work is being daily more fully realised, said a member of the Motor Manufacturing Company, of Bond-street, to a Mirror representative yesterday.

The 10-h.p. type is the most favoured, and from experience is the most suitable for the "road."

Many motor-cars especially intended for the use of commercial travellers are built with two bodies, one specially shaped to carry the accessories of his business, while the other body is an ordinary touring one, for use when the owner wishes to take a day's pleasure run.

APPLES OF DISCORD.

Covent Garden Doesn't Welcome the Coreless Fruit.

"We have not seen a coreless apple yet, but we know they are coming," remarked a Covent Garden salesman yesterday.

"They will as surely arrive as did the pipless orange."

"We do not believe the world greatly cares about a coreless apple."

"At the end of this week 20,000 barrels of apples from Nova Scotia will be on the market."

"They are perfect fruit, fit for the table of the King, yet they will be retailable at about 2d. per lb. In face of that, a coreless apple does not offer any exceptional attraction."

"Apples from Canada are free from maggots, so well-selected are they. So that a coreless apple free from maggots has hardly any advantage."

Many well-known growers in this country have ordered specimens, and it is hoped that trees will be transplanted to England before next summer.

MASTER AND MAID.

Servant's Groundless Charge Against a Well-known City Man.

Brentford Police Court was packed with fashionably-dressed people yesterday when Mr. Frank Dorain, a much-respected resident of 11, Mount-avenue, Ealing, and a well-known City man, was charged with an assault on his housemaid, Hannah Perry, during the absence of his family in the Isle of Wight.

In the course of a searching cross-examination by Mr. Gill, K.C., the girl made some remarkable admissions.

After being dismissed from a former situation she admitted having threatened to bring a charge against the master of the house, and also confessed that complaints had been made of her conduct with other men.

It was also true that she had threatened suicide, and that she had been told by a fortune-teller that she was "unable to keep her passion under control."

The Bench after this at once dismissed the case.

"FREE PASS" TO AN ORCHARD.

As an excuse for having taken apples from Lady Henry Somerset's orchard at Walthamstead, William Spicer, who described himself as a professional cricketer, said the previous tenant of the estate had allowed him to take them. As he understood this gentleman was returning, he had gone into the orchard and helped himself.

The Stratford magistrate imposed a fine.

KING PETER A BAD HORSEMAN.

BELGRADE, Thursday.—A review of 10,000 troops was held this morning, in the presence of King Peter. King Peter's charger was very restless during the review, and his Majesty appeared to have some difficulty in controlling it.—Reuter.

MRS. LANGTRY'S CLAIM.

Receiving Order Made Against Mr. Herbert Waring.

In theatrical circles the topic of talk yesterday related to the action of Mrs. Lily de Bathe—Mrs. Langtry—in placing Mr. Herbert Waring, the actor, in the Bankruptcy Court.

Mrs. Langtry claims £1,388 in respect of rent of the Imperial Theatre, where a little over two years ago Mr. Waring produced "A Man of His Word."

The play did not prove a draw, and Mr. Waring was understood to have lost money on it.

There arose a dispute between himself and Mrs. Langtry as to the responsibility for the rent, with the result that the lady brought an action, and Mr. Justice Phillimore gave judgment that Mr. Waring was not responsible.

On appeal this decision was reversed. Hence the receiving order made yesterday, at the London Bankruptcy Court against Mr. Waring.

In his day Mr. Waring has played many parts.

His first appearance was at the Adelphi, in 1877, as one of the Oxford crew in a revival of "Formosa."

Since then his parts have been strangely diversified, from Torvald Helmer in "The Doll's House," to Gil de Beraut in "Under the Red Robe."

HORSELESS OMNIBUS ARRIVES.

Hundreds To Run in London by Next Year.

The advent of a petrol motor-omnibus, which will from to-day carry passengers from Peckham to Oxford-circus, strongly suggests that the passing of the horse from London traffic is not far distant.

Thomas Tilling, Limited, omnibus proprietors, of Peckham, one of the oldest and most conservative of such firms in London, are responsible for the enterprise.

"We are perfectly sure," said the manager yesterday, "of the success of our motor-omnibus, and feel certain that this time next year we shall have not one 'Times' motor-bus but a hundred."

"We shall do the journey between Peckham and Oxford-circus in almost half the time now taken."

CITY MARSHAL MYSTERY.

"Matters of Grave Character" Under Consideration.

For the present the Lord Mayor is without a City Marshal.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council yesterday Mr. Henshaw asked how long the City was to remain without the picturesque figure of the Marshal.

He wished to know if Mr. Stanley had been suspended. If so, was he to be reinstated, or would a successor be appointed?

Chairman (Officers and Clerks Committee): The matter is sub judice at the present time. Matters which came before us were so grave that we recommended to the Lord Mayor that he should suspend Mr. Stanley until we had the opportunity of going more fully into the matter.

Since then other matters, also of a very grave character, have arisen, and I ask the Court to give the Officers and Clerks Committee full powers to deal with this subject.

Mr. Williamson: Are we still to have a City Marshal?

The matter was left in the hands of the committee.

SCHOOLGIRLS' SORRY FLIGHT.

Sixteen Hurlled from an Omnibus at Birmingham.

Sixteen girl pupils of the Edgbaston High School, Birmingham, had an alarming adventure yesterday, while driving in an omnibus from Moseley to school.

The omnibus collided with a King's Heath steam car so violently that the former was overturned.

The screams of the helpless girls mingling with the crashing of glass and woodwork attracted a crowd, and willing hands helped to extricate the scholars.

Several of the girls were bleeding from wounds in the face and hands, and others were badly shaken.

Fortunately, however, no bones were broken.

The driver was severely cut about the head and hands.

BROCK'S "RUBY" JUBILEE.

Brock's fortieth annual benefit at the Crystal Palace, or their "ruby" jubilee, proved a great success yesterday.

The thousands who journeyed to Sydenham during the day found that, in addition to the great pyrotechnic display in the evening, an extensive and varied programme of outdoor and indoor attractions had been provided for them.

HUNTED PRINCESS.

Driven Almost Mad by Fear of Capture.

ABDUCTION SCHEME FOILED.

The Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg, who recently escaped from the sanatorium in which she had languished for years, is finding her liberty in Paris almost as terrible as her captivity.

Her state of mind (writes our correspondent) is not very far removed from madness.

She fears night and day that a successful attempt may be made to again incarcerate her in another and a worse prison.

When the Princess first arrived in Paris she led a perfectly free and natural life. Secure in her anonymity—or rather in the fact that her presence was unsuspected—she walked freely in the boulevards, and her face regained something of its former happiness.

But during the last few days all has changed. The Princess has only occasionally left her apartments. When she has done so it has been almost furtively. As she walks on the boulevards the glance of a passer-by changes her expression into a hunted stare. She passes on her way shaken by fear and seeks her house instantly.

An Attempt at Abduction.

Her square and champion, who helped her to escape, watches her with the anxiety with which a detective guards the safety of a doomed royal personage. Count Mattachich, in fact, has his eye on her every moment of her waking hours. As a matter of fact, there have been the strongest reasons governing this change of conduct. Incautious words dropped showed that shadowing was going on, and the eyes of the Princess and the Count have been opened to an attempt to cunningly abduct her.

This particular scheme seems to have been foiled, but there is constant fear of another attempt.

Dr. Pierson, the Princess's former jailer, boasts that the Princess has only escaped from one imprisonment to another and far more rigorous one. He openly accuses Mattachich of pecuniary motives.

The vindictive character of Dr. Pierson about all his statements with regard to the Princess's mental state have so angered Count Mattachich that he is about to bring an action for libel against the doctor in the German Courts. He looks to this action to bring out and publish the truth of the whole matter.

INTELLIGENT LAMPS.

Keen Competition at Islington for the £150 Prize.

For the £150 prize in the Safety Lamp Competition at the Agricultural Hall a lamp is required that will go out on overturning, and from which the oil will not escape in any position.

During the competitive tests yesterday lighted lamps were thrown violently to the ground, but there were no accidents.

The lamps were nearly all easily extinguished, though, without exception, they leaked abominably.

Mr. Giles, the secretary of the Grocers' Federation, pointed out "a lamp that leaks is highly dangerous. It makes carpet and flooring very inflammable, and it may run near a fire."

Many of the samples are curiosities. One weighed nearly a hundredweight. It was mainly brass, and the limit of cost is to be 1s. 6d.

Another resembled a large upturned mushroom, the base being 12 in. across. "Too much superficial area," commented one of the judges.

Another, about 2 ft. in height, was described in a specification as "broad as it was long and as complicated as a battleship."

DEATH OF A LANDSCAPE PAINTER.

Mr. Walter Severn, President of the Dudley Art Gallery, died at his residence, Earl's-court-square, yesterday.

Born in 1830, at Rome, where his father was Consul, he was educated at Westminster and began life in the Civil Service. He received much encouragement from Ruskin in his efforts to resuscitate the craft of art needlework and embroidery. "Our Boys" is one of his well-known pictures engraved by Messrs. Agnew.

BLIND WALKER MISSING.

James O'Neil, the blind pedestrian, who was engaged in walking from Scotland to London, is missing. He was last heard of at Warrington, and, judging from his previous rate of progress, he should be now within fifty miles of London, but not a word has been heard of him, and it is feared some mishap must have befallen him. He has always been most careful to keep his backers advised of his movements.

THREE MYSTERIES.

Perplexing Cases of Disappearance in London.

LOST PECKHAM LADY.

Three peculiarly perplexing cases of persons disappearing from their homes have to be added to London's long list of mysteries.

Walter Bengersfield is missing from his home in Kensington; a seventeen-year-old girl has vanished from Kenish Town; while half Peckham is joining in the search for Mrs. Mary Ann Hampton, sixty-five years of age, who for fifty years has been a well-known resident.

Mrs. Hampton's inexplicable disappearance has made a pathetic break in a perfect Darby and Joan existence. Never for more than a few hours at a time had she and her husband, who is in his seventy-third year, been separated.

Yet on September 6, Mrs. Hampton, presumably without a trouble in the world, walked out of her home at seven o'clock in the morning, and, in spite of the fact that she is a familiar figure in Camberwell, Peckham, and Bermondsey, has never been seen since.

Indefatigable Search.

Her three sons, who form the firm of Hampton and Sons, fish merchants, Farringdon-street Market, have, with the assistance of the police, been indefatigable in their search, but without result.

The last member of her family to see the lady was her youngest son, who was awakened by her shortly before seven on the morning of her disappearance. He states that his mother was evidently as composed as usual, and after speaking a few words to him, went down and put the kettle on the gas stove for breakfast. Two paviors at work outside the house noticed her leave, and remarked, "The old lady is out early this morning." She took with her a mackintosh and a black bonnet trimmed with pink roses.

Victim of Foul Play.

At 123, Queen's-crescent, Kentish Town, a broken-hearted mother mourns for the loss of her seventeen-year-old daughter, Fanny Jackson, who left her home to go to work at Mansell's, Fleet-road, shortly before eight o'clock on the morning of September 10, and has not since been seen. The girl was quiet and fond of her home and young sisters. The only explanation suggested by her mother is that she is the victim of foul play. She is fair, with grey eyes, light brown hair, about 5ft. 4in. high, and dressed in a black blouse with satin yoke, a black skirt, and black French sailor hat. She wore a white pearl bead necklace and gipsy earrings.

Disappeared on the Way to Work.

The third case is that of Mr. Walter Bengersfield, of 162, Wernington-road, North Kensington, who has been missing since August 5, when he left home in the evening to go to his work at North-street, Edgware-road. He is stout, 5ft. 6in. in height, fresh complexion, very full blue eyes, and brown hair. He has two scars—one between the eyes, and the other on the left temple. [Pictures of Mrs. Hampton and Miss Jackson will be found on page 9.]

HOLIDAY SURPRISE.

Arrest of a Johannesburg Visitor on a Charge of Fraud.

"This is a great surprise to me," remarked Henry Foote Patterson, when arrested at Berwick-on-Tweed, charged with fraudulent dealings in South African mines.

He added that he knew nothing about the frauds, but was there on a holiday, and would return to Johannesburg next month.

Patterson, who is described as a journalist, having worked for several provincial newspapers, was brought up at Bow-street yesterday and remanded.

DISCRIMINATING BOY THIEVES.

"Singularly enough," said a Brentford policeman yesterday, "these boys (two brothers too small to stand in the dock) only left five apples out of a bushel on the tree, and those left were sour." The lads were birched by the mother.

Fels-Naptha

Spots on clothing carpet upholstery.

Go by the book; you can read it through in ten minutes; there's £10 in it for you.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

ACCUSED BY A BABY.

Four-Year-Old Witness of His Sister's Attempted Murder.

A little four-year-old boy was taken to Shepherd's Bush Police Station late on Wednesday night, and placed before a slim, clean-shaven youth named Edward Augustus Freeman, who had been arrested a few hours previously.

The baby boy recognised him at once. "That is Ted," he exclaimed. "He hit Vi on the head with a hammer. She was in the second front room."

"Vi" is the child's seven-year-old sister, Violet Jeffreys, who lies at death's door in the West London Hospital, suffering from terrible injuries, which Freeman, who lodged in the same house, is alleged to have inflicted.

He was remanded yesterday on a charge of attempting to murder her. The girl's little brother was the only witness of Freeman's alleged crime.

The two children had just come in from school at midday on Monday, and were playing together when Freeman is alleged to have joined them and attacked the girl with a hammer.

The baby boy ran out screaming "Sissie is dead." The child Violet was found lying unconscious with terrible gashes on her head. A hammer was lying beside her. An operation was performed at the hospital, but with slender chances of saving her life.

SLANDERING A SAUSAGE.

Singular Line of Defence Against an Actress's Charge.

An attempt was made at Marylebone Police Court yesterday to show that the sole responsibility for the very serious injuries which Miss Nancy Desmond, an actress, received in the Maida Vale shop of Louis Rees, a German hairdresser, rested with a sausage.

The evidence, however, absolved the sausage from all blame.

Miss Desmond showed that a kick in the mouth, severe bruises on her legs and arms, and a period of unconsciousness on the floor of the shop were all caused by the hairdresser. It came about through her complaint that a tail of hair which she had ordered was not the right colour. Rees retorted that she must have dyed her own hair since giving the order. She told him it was a lie, and demanded back the ten shillings she had paid. But instead Rees violently assaulted her, throwing her to the floor.

Every attempt by the defence to show that the actress slipped on a sausage was resolutely resisted. Miss Desmond swore that the sausages in a string bag which she was carrying did not jerk out.

The magistrate, rejecting the hairdresser's plea that the sausage was the real offender, and an allegation that Miss Desmond was intoxicated, commented on the brutal conduct of Rees and ordered him six weeks in prison with hard labour.

"ATHEIST BY OCCUPATION."

Missionary's Misgivings of Passive Resistance Fervour.

After leaving a farewell letter for her landlady, Mary Gorham committed suicide by taking salts of lemon.

At the inquest yesterday the matron of a rescue home said the girl had formerly been employed there.

The Coroner: What was her occupation before she came to you?

Witness: She was an Atheist until her conversion, which has just taken place.

The Coroner: That is a peculiarity, not an occupation. What did she do for a living?

Witness: She wrote books for Mrs. Besant. A police constable missionary, who had seen the girl at the home, said he doubted if she were sane. One day, he said, he found her at a place applauding passive resistors like anything, and carrying on in the most strange manner.

The Coroner: You must not say that; you ought not to conclude that there is any connection between passive resistors and insanity.

Suicide during temporary insanity was the verdict.

"SWEETENERS" AT AUCTION SALES.

After having a motor-car "knocked down" to him at an auction sale for £21 8s., Mr. Ingram, of Creech-lane, is alleged to have said that he had bought it out of pique, and did not want it. He only attended the sale to help it on.

In giving judgment against him in the City of London Court yesterday Judge Rentoul observed that "safe bidding" or "sweetening" at an auction sale was a fraud on the public. Most men buying at an auction trusted the other bidders. A "sweetener" was a man who was not "playing the game."

Last year 23,947 dogs were seized by the London police. Of these 2,448 were claimed, and 21,499 were destroyed or disposed of.

ANNOYED NOVELIST.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and a Statuette.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the novelist, appeared at Southwark Police Court yesterday, as defendant in a case of a somewhat peculiar nature.

He had been summoned at the instance of William George Jones, of Brook Lodge, Hendon, for the alleged detention of an alabaster statuette at Summer-street, Blackfriars. When the case came on for hearing, however, Mr. Newton, on behalf of the complainant, stated that the statuette had now been returned, and he proposed to withdraw the summons, but to ask for costs.

In reply, Mr. Abinger, who appeared for Sir Conan Doyle, said that the property was neither detained nor returned by his client. The summons was only taken out to annoy Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

The Magistrate: I can't go into that. The summons is withdrawn. No costs.

Mr. Abinger: Sir Arthur is anxious, with your help, to show that the summons was vexatiously issued, without justification, and that it ought to be dismissed with costs.

The Magistrate: I have no power to do that, but you can go to another court. If there should be further annoyance, and if the matter were brought before me in that form, I should be glad to assist you.

Mr. Abinger: This system of annoyance has been going on for some time, with the object of getting money.

Mr. Newton: I entirely deny the statements of my friend. They are absolutely without foundation.

Mr. Abinger: Well, we will see. The incident then closed.

CAMPAIGN OF SACRILEGE.

Succession of Robberies in Roman Catholic Churches.

Roman Catholics in South London are alarmed and incensed at the depredations of a gang of daring thieves who have organised a campaign of church robberies.

Following upon the desecration of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, on Saturday, thieves appear to have secured themselves in St. Joseph's Church, Greenwich, after Sunday evening's service.

A maid from the rectory actually saw a man tampering with the offertory boxes, but he had escaped when search was made.

Next morning it was found that the tabernacle door had been forced, and the ciborium and monstrance stolen.

Early on Wednesday morning St. Patrick's Church, Wapping, was broken into, and attempts were made to burst the tabernacle door, but the lock resisted the thieves' efforts.

They, however, robbed offertory boxes, and were making off with cassocks and surplices when Father Grace surprised them and they escaped.

Services of "separation" will be held in the desecrated churches.

A rumour yesterday that the church in Red Cross-street, Borough, had been robbed proved without foundation.

JURY BEFRIEND A PRISONER.

Their Strong Appeal Leads to a Sentence Being Reduced.

In response to a strong appeal from the jury, a sentence of six months' imprisonment passed on a man for a theft under particularly pathetic circumstances was reduced by Mr. Loveland Loveland, K.C., at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

The case was this. The little boy of Walter Winsley picked up an addressed letter containing £10 15s. in silver, gold, and notes, and ran home with it.

The father had been out of work for some time, and the temptation to keep the money was too great for him. With the money his wife redeemed her wedding-ring and bought clothes for the whole family, and brightened up the home.

When the husband went to prison for six months in the second division on Wednesday the wife, who had been bound over, appealed piteously for her husband.

Yesterday Mr. Loveland consented to reduce the sentence to one of four months.

COCKEREL IN A PIANO-ORGAN.

The Lincoln magistrates have sent to prison for two months with hard labour a couple of travelling organ-grinders, named William Clark and William Morley, who stole a fowl at Basingham.

The two prisoners went to the prosecutor's house, played a piano-organ for some time, and then stole the cockerel, which they placed in the box of the piano. Its crowing, however, attracted the prosecutor. Clark remarked that the only mistake he had made was that he did not pull the bird's neck before he put it in the box.

SPY'S HARD FATE.

Police Prosecute Their Own Ally.

SET FREE BY THE JUDGE.

An extraordinary case of the arrest of a police spy while actually engaged in catching receivers came before Sir William Quayle Jones, K.C., at the Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday.

The suspiciously bulky appearance of his clothes led to Camp being stopped by a policeman, and found to be in possession of a quantity of plate stolen from the Savoy Hotel.

Camp, who said he did not know where the property came from, was arrested. Later another man named Jeffreys was also taken into custody.

At the police court Jeffreys was discharged, but was rearrested as a result of statements he afterwards made in the witness-box. Both Camp and Jeffreys were then committed for trial.

Yesterday it was fully explained how Camp came to be found with the stolen property.

On Friday, September 3, said Detective Henry Rutter, he met Camp by appointment. Camp said, "I have got to go round to-morrow morning to He has got a little jeweller's shop he wants me to 'do.' What would you advise me to do?"

The detective replied, "Go and see him, but don't incriminate yourself. Try and find out where the jeweller's shop is."

Camp then went into the witness-box and continued the story. After seeing Rutter, he said he went to the place of a man named "Bobbo" to gain information about the proposed burglary.

Whilst there, he alleged that Jeffreys brought in the plate in question and sold it to "Bobbo" for 10s. He (Camp) then slipped away on some pretence to inform the police, but being unable to find a constable returned to the house.

"Bobbo" Disappears.

Then "Bobbo" gave him the things to take to —, and he communicated with his wife and told her to fetch the police.

However, in the meantime "Bobbo" disappeared, while the receiver was found to be out. While Camp was on the way to a beerhouse to look for the man he was arrested.

The Judge at this stage remarked that if the jury were satisfied that Camp was speaking the truth they could stop the case. Amid loud applause in the court the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty.

Camp, before leaving the court, said he had "kept straight" for four years, and had handled millions of pounds, until he was afraid because his old associates found him out.

The Judge directed Camp to be taken to Mr. Wheatley, the Court missionary, while a number of gentlemen in court collected a few shillings for him.

The case against Jeffreys was stopped early in the hearing, and he was discharged.

WOMAN OF FEW WORDS.

Silent Wanderer of Windsor Visits Maidenhead.

The silent wanderer of Windsor has turned up at Maidenhead, where her taciturnity has puzzled the police and the magistrates.

Beyond giving her name as Estella Hubner, and mentioning that she was the father and a mother, she maintained her habitual silence.

"Estella," who is a comely girl of twenty, was removed to Reading Gaol, where it is hoped the chaplain may persuade her to speak.

On Thursday last she was let out of Windsor Workhouse with a shilling in her pocket.

Where she has been and what she has been doing in the interval nobody knows.

SWALLOWING POSTCARDS.

While a Windsor girl, Patty Durrant, was travelling to London with a detective who had arrested her for theft she tried to put two postcards in her mouth. The officer got possession of them, and found they related to another theft from a farm in South Devon. At Willesden yesterday she was sent for trial.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1904.

THE REVOLT OF MAN.

THE reason why men are giving up the time-honoured practice of marrying has lately engaged the attention of a number of eminent persons, including some of our most eminent lady novelists; and one at the east of the latter, Miss Helen Mathers, has expressed herself with commendable frankness and candour with regard to the shortcomings of her sex.

We are told that, under existing conditions, women get much the best of the marriage bargain. The married woman gets a home, the interest of rearing and training her children, and even possibly the devoted affection of her husband, though this last is not guaranteed, and, indeed, must depend largely on her own good behaviour. On the other hand, the man loses many of the joys of bachelor life, and, as a matter of fact, sacrifices his independence to a far greater extent than the woman who is eternally harping on the subject.

Miss Mathers candidly admits that women are a great deal keener on marriage and the position which it gives than are men, and she even goes so far as to hint that a large proportion of marriages are the result of pity on the man's part. He sees that it is in his power to bestow a great happiness upon one weaker than himself and, being a good fellow, he frequently does so without, perhaps, due consideration of all that such a sacrifice on his part involves.

Now, however, men are beginning to think, and the immediate result is an increase in the number of bachelors. In the first place, there is no hurry. A man can marry at any time, while a woman's chances in the matrimonial market begin at a comparatively early age to decrease in geometrical progression. A man whose financial position is not of the best knows, moreover, that the possession of a wife and a family will probably mean a sort of perennial crisis in his affairs, and the knowledge that he will very likely be nagged at for his pains does not render the picture more pleasing.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Revolt of Man has commenced, nor is it likely to be stayed until matrimony offers a more tempting prospect to the bachelor than it does at the present time.

SHALL WE EAT GRASS?

New York is the home of fads, and the latest craze in what passes in that city for fashionable society is to stray into the public parks and brouse upon grass. Whether these modern Nebuchadnezzars, in the quaint idiom of their country, "go the whole hog" and conduct operations, after the manner of the afflicted king, upon all fours, is not stated, but the idea has not already occurred to them to make them a present of the suggestion.

Grass, according to the devotees of the new cult, is a remedy for all diseases under the sun. The horse, which is a noble animal, partakes of the dainty herb freely, and even the carnivorous dog is not above taking a little of this simple salad when he feels the need of change of diet.

Human beings should not be above taking a lesson from the lower animals, and if grass proves a success there are many other common growths which the four-footed creation find more nourishing and delectable to which the more courageous reformers might be willing to give a trial.

What, for instance, is the matter with distillers?

A RUSSIAN CARTOON OF THE WAR.



The Mikado (to his soldiers, who are trying to hold down a balloon labelled Korea): "Hold tight, my children, otherwise it will blow away from you!"—"Budlinki," St. Petersburg.)

BROKEN ENGAGEMENTS. A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

"Mirror" Readers Discuss the Vexed Question by Letter.

Whether a man is justified in breaking off his engagement at the eleventh hour before the wedding is still evoking numberless letters from readers of the *Mirror*.

Among those which reached the office yesterday are the following:—

There would be fewer broken engagements if engaged girls would give up flirting when away from their fiancés.

Men are jealous creatures, and many an engagement is broken off through the misery and pain caused by a girl's behaviour in this respect.

Avonmouth, Bristol. ENGAGED MAN.

"Married's" case is a typical one, and only too plainly shows of what material the girl of the present generation is made.

That a girl should insist on a man marrying her when he has told her that he does not wish to do so proves that a woman's chief object in getting married is to secure a home, and love comes as a second consideration, if at all.

Sunderland-road, S.E. EYES OPEN.

It is a good thing that the gentler sex should have a few examples set before them in which the man has broken off the engagement. It will do them good to learn that men can do so.

Women do not see anything serious in breaking off an engagement for the merest trifle. They think nothing of ruining a man's life. Perhaps they will now learn that there are two sides to the question.

Manchester. TWICE JILTED.

It is not charitable of "Indignant Mother" to write as she does of "One Who Knows." The latter may have every reason for calling marriage and motherhood "lunacy."

There is a kind and charitable proverb which says: "Everyone knows their own know best." It would be a good thing if more people would apply it.

A VERY YOUNG MOTHER.

West View, Highgate-hill, N.

I "champion" neither side until I am sure of facts.

Surely a man is acting as a gentleman when he retires to prevent—lifelong unhappiness?

If he has a spark of honour left, let him look before his final leap, and not tie himself to a girl for the sake of what "others say."

The eleventh hour is certainly late, but if he then knows the result of his indiscretion he can do nothing better than separate. If he has no respect for himself, still he may have for the lady.

I trust that my pen may be the means of drawing H. C. White to think more seriously whether a man is justified in acting as his conscience directs—even at the altar steps.

GEO. R. ROBESON.

Huntsmoor-road, S.W.

Mr. St. John Brodrick.

THE man of the moment, in the Army, at any rate, is Mr. St. John Brodrick, the man who invented the "muffin" cap. That he is the man of the moment does not of necessity mean that he is the most popular, but that he is the most talked about.

Exactly what they are saying about him is better suppressed. To put it mildly, it is not complimentary. They have been saying it for some time, but now that their hearts are lightened by the news that the enormity he perpetrated is to be lifted they are saying it with increased emphasis.

The reason of the whole thing is that he is not a smart man himself, and so he did not know what a smart soldier wanted. His own hair is always so untidy that he could not imagine a man not wanting to hide the whole of his head inside a cap.

Then, too, he was just the man to suppose that a cap has to fit tight to stay on. His own hat has to fit like a vice, or it would be in the gutter half its time. He bustles about as violently as a motor-car. His arms swing, his head jerks, doors fly open and bang behind him, chairs that get in his way fall with a crash, dogs get run over when he takes even the calmest walk. He is a sample of super-vigorous youth in a perpetual hurry.

And the worst of it is that it is all about nothing. In his rough way he is not a bad fellow, but he is not a genius. He knows about as much of the Army as could be written on the back of a calling card with a broad pen. As he always works hard, he was able to do as much harm while he had the chance as six ordinary, but equally incompetent, men.

One of the things that every man in the Army is wishing to-day is that the inventor of the "muffin" cap might be punished in accordance with the greatness of his crime. No worse punishment can be imagined than that for the rest of his life he should be compelled to wear clothes designed by himself and a "muffin" cap on his head—and have one carved on his tombstone when he dies.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Sky all white wif streaks o' blue,
Sunshine softly gleamin';
D'aint no wuk it's right to do,
Nothin's right but dreamin'.
Squir'l a-tippin' on his toes,
So's to hide o' view you;
Whole flocks o' camp-meetin' crows,
Shouting hallelujah.

Peckahood erpon de tree,
Tappin' lak a hammah;
Joybird chatin' wif a bee,
Tryin' to teach 'im grammah.

—Paul Dunbar, the Negro poet.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

MAJOR-GENERAL HUGH SUTLEJ GOUGH, who has just been appointed to the command of the troops in Jersey, is one of the three generals of that name. He fought in Afghanistan, the Sudan, and Bochnaland. The other two are brothers, and both possess the V.C. General Sir Hugh Henry Gough is perhaps better known than his brother, General Sir Charles Gough, and to this day his name is remembered in the famous Bengal cavalry.

During the Indian Mutiny he was in command of Hudson's Horse, now the Bengal Cavalry, then so insufficiently trained as horsemen that when the pace was more than a trot the majority had to hold on to their saddles with their hands. At the head of this unpromising material young Hugh Gough charged 2,000 of the enemy and captured two guns. In the action he engaged three sepoy at the same time, his horse was wounded in two places, the skirt of his coat was slashed right off, and his turban was cleft to the last fold in several places.

At the relief of Lucknow he again led the charge which captured the enemy's guns, had two horses killed under him, had his helmet shot through and his scabbard doubled up by a bullet. After that he was temporarily compelled to give up by a bullet through his leg. Fighting seemed to come his way as a matter of course. The Afghan war of 1878-80 found him in the thick of it. When Roberts made his famous march to Candahar Hugh Gough commanded the cavalry. A fine fighting record indeed!

BEGAN VERY EARLY.

Mrs. Craigie, better known still by the name of "John Oliver Hobbes," who has been drawn into the controversy on the "Handicap of Marriage," is by birth an American, though the greater part of her life has been spent in England. It would be difficult to imagine a literary career starting much earlier than hers did. She used to go regularly to Mudie's Library as a book-borrower at an age when she had to be lifted up by her nurse so that she might see the books on the counter. Very soon after this she started dictating stories on every conceivable subject to her nurse. At nine years old she won a prize for a magazine story. Then she gave up writing for a few years, and did no more serious work until after her marriage.

What persuaded her to choose such a name as John Oliver Hobbes when she possessed such a pretty name as Pearl Craigie was for a long time a mystery. She has confessed, however, that she did so in order to check her tendency towards being sentimental. The plan has succeeded better than one might have expected.

Miss Helen Mathers, who has also been taking part in the discussion, made her name with "Comin' thro' the Rye." She was quite a young girl when she wrote it, but she was instantly successful. The story was not even finished when she took it round to a publisher, who commissioned her to finish it. The terms offered were £30 down or half-profits. Half-profits sounded vague, but £30 was a huge sum to an inexperienced girl, so the ready money was accepted.

DECEASED THE CRITICS.

It turned out to be the worst bargain she ever made, for "Comin' thro' the Rye" had earned something over £10,000 some years ago. On the appearance of the first edition the book was very severely dealt with by the critics, but it found such favour with the public that when the second edition appeared the very papers which had been most virulent in their attacks lauded it to the skies.

General Moncrieff, who has had a nasty accident by fainting while riding a bicycle, is best known as the inventor of the Moncrieff or disappearing system of mounting heavy ordnance. He was engaged for eight years by the War Office and Woolwich Arsenal in applying his invention. It has now been copied by military powers throughout the world. He has lately been engaged in litigation in connection with his claim to the family baronetcy. The estates were in the possession of the family as far back as 1100, and probably before.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Whimsical Light and Shade.

Deeply blue the sky, while the clouds avail themselves of its depth of colour as a background for their dainty snowiness.

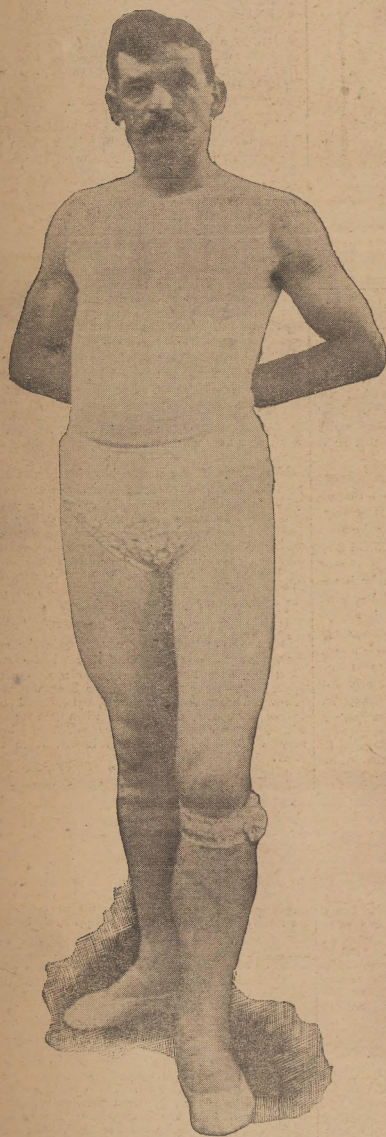
Presently the blue pales away as the sun sets in a stillness of faintly-gilded glory, leaving an aftermath of clearest opal. The clouds are still there, but now their snowy whiteness warms to palest grey. Then slowly deepening in tone they lie dark against a background of light. The trees which, an hour ago, were gay with vivid greens the foreground, and the very grasses in the distance, now stand out with heavy outline and unbroken masses. And the wayward trails of bramble from near hedges now show as a clear-cut design of black embroidery.

Truly feminine is Nature in her love of varied dress—never two days the same robe. Never two hours the same colour scheme. Always joyous abandon and disregard of bills.

THE GREAT ORION.



THIS IS THE MAN WHO WILL PERFORM
THE GREAT TIGHT ROPE FEATS AT
THE CRYSTAL PALACE TO-MORROW
BEFORE THOUSANDS OF
"DAILY MIRROR"
READERS.



M. Theo Orion, pupil and rival of Blondin, who will perform at the Crystal Palace to-morrow—"Mirror" Gala Day—some of the most marvellous aerial feats ever witnessed. Are you going to see him? You have only to cut the coupon from to-morrow's issue of the "Daily Mirror," and present it at the Palace gates, when you will be admitted free.

THROUGH THE CAMERA LENS

BRODRICK'S "PANCAKES" OFF.



"Tommys" wearing the hideous "Brodrick caps," which the War Office now intend abolishing. The hated "Pancake" headgear is to be replaced by an improved cap. The soldier on the right is wearing a field-service cap—the most popular headgear in the Army.

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.



Thomas Tilling, Limited, the oldest 'bus owners in London, to-day run an experimental motor-bus between Peckham and Oxford-circus. The new 'bus, which is pictured above, is luxuriously fitted up, and carries thirty-four passengers.

TIVOLI'S NEW M



Mr. Arthur Yates, son of the Tivoli Theatre manager. He has just taken over the management of the Tivoli Theatre.

IS THIS YOUR



A prize of £2 2s. awaits the winner of the "Daily Mirror" competition. If he will send proof of his to the "Mirror."—(Particulars of this competition will be found on page 10.)

"DAILY MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION: SOME PRETTY CANDIDATES.



E. Allenson, of Stonehouse, Glos.



Roberta B. Paterson, of Glasgow.



Blanche Cadby, of Ilford.



W. M. Clifton, of London.



TOMORROW! TOMORROW! TOMORROW!

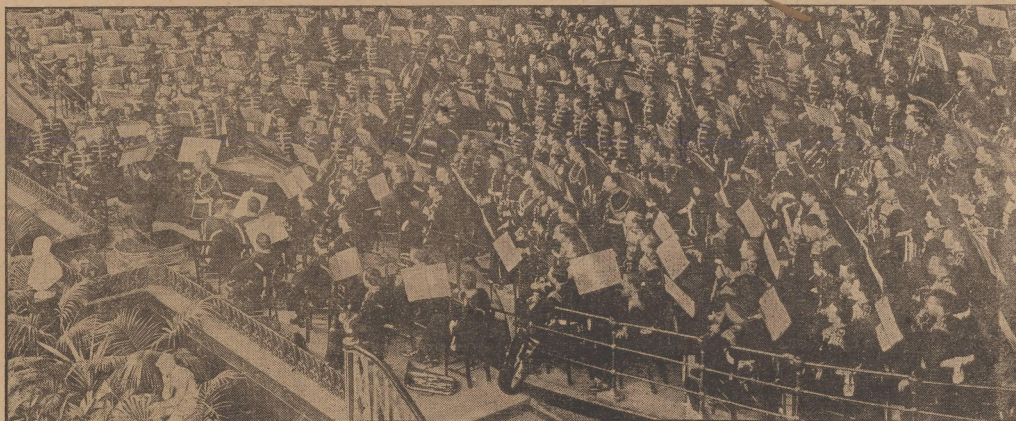
"DAILY MIRROR" GALA DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

FREE ADMISSION TOMORROW SATURDAY

BY COUPON



MILITARY BANDS AT TO-MORROW'S GREAT FREE "MIRROR" ENTERTAINMENT.



In addition to the world-famous "Kilties" Band, which will give their first performance in Europe at the "Mirror" Gala Entertainment at the Crystal Palace to-morrow, a number of military bands will give selections in various parts of the Palace and grounds throughout the day.—(Russell.)

LITTLE ZOLA.



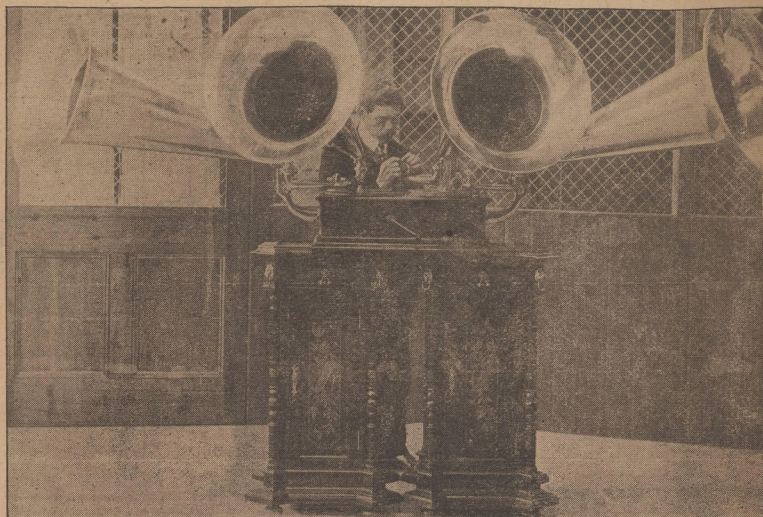
Performs at the "Mirror" Entertainment at the Crystal Palace to-morrow.

MANAGING THE "MIRROR" SHOW.



Mr. J. H. Cozens, manager of the Crystal Palace, who is conducting the "Mirror's" great free entertainment at the Crystal Palace to-morrow. This task is probably the most gigantic ever undertaken by one man.

GRAMOPHONE CONCERT FREE TO "MIRROR" READERS TO-MORROW.



A popular gramophone concert will be given in the Centre Transept of the Palace to-morrow free to readers of the "Daily Mirror." Solos by Mme. Melba and Signor Caruso will be included in the long and varied programme. This gramophone is the largest in the world. It was built by the Gramophone and Typewriter Company, of City-road, E.C.

WRECKED OFF GUERNSEY.



Miss Fanny Jackson, a seventeen-year-old girl, who disappeared from Kentish Town a fortnight ago.



Mrs. Mary Ann Hampton, 65 years of age, is missing from Peckham, where she was well known for over fifty years.



Wreck of the Dunsinane on the coast of Guernsey. The cargo was removed through a large hole which was bored in the vessel's side.

PALACE OF DELIGHT.

How to Get There and What to Do.

(Continued from page 3.)

to them a helping hand if, and whenever, needed. On this page detailed information how to get to and from the Palace is given.

Those who can do without the railways should. Elaborate though the preparations of the various companies are, they may quite possibly prove unequal to the occasion.

When returning home avoid as much as possible the railway stations at the Crystal Palace.

Walk to the neighbouring railway stations or to the tram and omnibus routes, which, as explained elsewhere, are but a short distance away from the Palace exits:—

Walk to Upper Sydenham Station, 10 minutes.
Walk to Sydenham Hill Station, 15 minutes.
Walk to Sydenham Station, 15 minutes.
Walk to Penge Station, 10 minutes.
Walk to Anerley Station, 10 minutes.
Walk to Gipsy Hill Station, 10 minutes.

Those visitors who are equal to a longer walk will do better still by starting homeward from:—

Lordship-lane Station, 20 minutes.
Kent House Station, 20 minutes.
West Norwood Station, 20 minutes.
New Beckenham Station, 25 minutes.
Lower Sydenham Station, 25 minutes.
Forest Hill Station, 30 minutes.
Dulwich Station, 30 minutes.

Tulse Hill (for train, tram, or 'bus), 35 minutes.
Streatham (for train, tram, or 'bus), 35 minutes.

Obviously, the more they disperse themselves the quicker and more comfortably will the visitors reach home.

Mr. J. H. Cozens, the experienced manager of the Crystal Palace, will be responsible for the general arrangements within that "abode of delight." Mr. Humphrey Brammall will superintend the whole entertainment scheme.

Additional competitors for the All-Britain beauty prizes are invited to send their photographs to the General Manager of the Crystal Palace.

After leaving the Palace grounds the biggest balloon will scatter cardboard discs over London. A fountain pen will be given to each finder.

Every visitor to the Palace is invited to send not later than Sunday midnight, a postcard to the

THE GREAT TIME TABLE.

ALL THESE AMUSEMENTS ARE ABSOLUTELY FREE TO "MIRROR" READERS.

11.0.—THE GREAT NEW AIRSHIP, built by Messrs. Spencer Bros., and now shown for the first time. It flies like a bird.

11.30.—CODY'S GREAT WALK KITES will make ascents from the Grounds.

12.00.—Military Band in North Tower Gardens.

12.30 till 1.0.—MELBA AND CARUSO AT GRAMOPHONE CONCERT in Centre Transept.

2.30.—Band of the Royal Fusiliers in North Tower Gardens.

3.0.—THE WORLD-RENOUNDED KILTIES' BAND will give their FIRST CONCERT AND DANCES IN EUROPE in the Centre Transept.

Motor Cycle Races on the Track. Norwood Prize Band on the Cycle Track. Polo Matches. Daily Mirror readers versus "Daily Mail" readers.

3.30.—BEAUTY COMPETITION in the Theatre.

Band of the 8th Hussars on Grand Terrace. Band of the Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens.

4.0 to 4.45.—STUPENDOUS AERIAL FEAT by Orion, from Mammoth Towers on Grand Terrace.

5.0.—WORLD'S GREATEST BALLOON will make its first ascent from the Grounds.

5.30.—Band of the Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens.

Band of the Royal Fusiliers near Maxim's Airship.

6.30 to 7.0.—POPULAR GRAMOPHONE CONCERT: DAN LENO, Etc., in Centre Transept.

Upper Norwood Prize Band on Grand Terrace.

7.30.—Band of the 8th Hussars in Centre Transept.

8.0.—Military Band on Grand Terrace.

8.30.—MID-AIR WALKING ON FIRE; ORION'S WONDERFUL PYROTECHNIC FEAT on Grand Terrace.

9.0.—MAGNIFICENT FIREWORK DISPLAY by Messrs. Brock.

9.30 to 10.30.—Band of the Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens.

Band of the Royal Fusiliers in Centre Transept.

Band of the 8th Hussars in South Nave. Gorgeous Illumination of Park and Gardens by myriads of fairy lamps.

THESE ARE PRACTICALLY FREE.

At the following entertainments standing accommodation will be FREE, but reserved seats must be paid for at the rate of 3d., 6d., and 1s.—

1. 0.—CAFE CHANTANT in North Tower Gardens.

2. 0.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT in Centre Transept.

3.30.—CAFE CHANTANT in North Tower Gardens.

5.30.—GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT in Centre Transept.

7. 0.—CAFE CHANTANT in North Tower Gardens.

AMUSEMENTS AT REDUCED PRICES.

Miss Agnes Beckwith's Grand Swimming Entertainment. Prices reduced to adults 3d., children 1d., instead of 6d. and 3d.

The Waltzing Tops. Prices this day only 1d. each instead of 3d.

Exhibition of Newgate Historical Relics in Archipelago, North Tower Gardens. Prices reduced to adults 1d., children 1d.

ENTERTAINMENTS TO BE PAID FOR.

Sir Hiram Maxim's Flying Machine, 6d. Switchback Railway, 3d. Boating on Great Lake, 1s. per hour.

Distorting Mirrors, 3d. Rapids, 6d. Water Chute, 6d.

Sea Trip through Bay of Naples, 3d. Grand Panorama, "The Siege of Paris," 6d. Animated Pictures of the Russo-Japanese War in Electric Theatre, 6d.

Giant Tableau, "Great Fire of London," in Music Court, 6d.

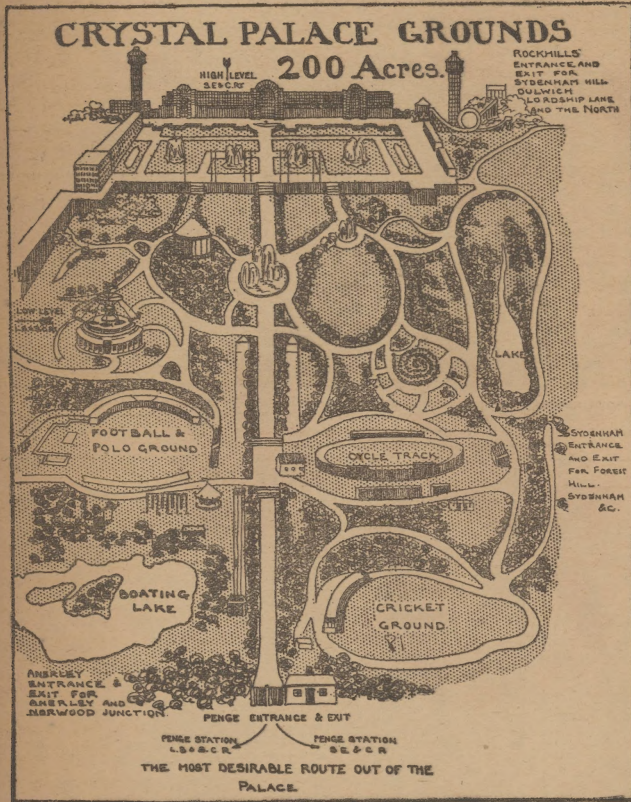
Daily Mirror, guessing the total number of persons who pass through the turnstiles. If the winner

should be a gentleman, he will receive a handsome cigarette-case; if a lady, a gold brooch.

Every visitor "snap-shotted" by a Daily Mirror photographer will receive half-a-guinea.

A room will be set apart for any children who may become lost.

HOW TO FIND YOUR WAY IN AND OUT OF THE GROUNDS.



There are plenty of entrances and exits at the Crystal Palace. Some of them are not very well known, but the above plan will make them quite clear. Those who wish to avoid a crush are advised to try the Anerley, Penge, Sydenham, and Rock-hills entrances, all of which are within easy reach of railway stations.

HOW TO REACH THE PALACE BY RAILWAY.

Frequent trains—in some cases every few minutes—will run on Saturday to the Crystal Palace from the following principal stations in London:—

South Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways (High Level Route):—Victoria, Moorgate, Holborn, Snow Hill, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's, and Brixton.
London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (Low Level Route):—Victoria, London Bridge, Liver-

pool-street, Addison-road (Kensington), and Clapham Junction.

BY TRAM AND 'BUS.

From Hampstead, Highgate, Holloway, Kilburn, Kentish Town, Camden Town, Highbury, Stoke Newington, Islington, Clerkenwell, and Blackfriars Bridge.

From Richmond, Putney, Barnes, Chiswick, Bayswater, Paddington, Marylebone, and Bloomsbury.

From Hammersmith, Kensington, Brompton, and Westminster Bridge.

From Homerton, Bethnal Green, Old Ford, and Whitechapel.

From Rotherhithe and Bermondsey.

Tubes, trams, and omnibuses journey frequently from all the above districts to the Elephant and Castle.

Thence take 'bus to Tulse Hill or tram-car to Streatham, both of which places are a pleasant walk from the Crystal Palace.

Trams run direct from Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges to Streatham.

An alternate route from the West and South-West is: Go to Clapham Junction by train, thence take omnibus to the Plough, Clapham. There change into 'bus for Brixton Station, where 'buses run to the Sir Joseph Paxton, Croxted-road. The Palace is then within five minutes' walk.

An alternative route from the North, West and Central London: Book at Victoria (S.E. and C. Railway), St. Paul's or Holborn Viaduct for Sydenham Hill, from which the Palace is a pleasant ten minutes' walk.

TRAINS TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE, ON SATURDAY NEXT, FROM THE PRINCIPAL LONDON TERMINI.

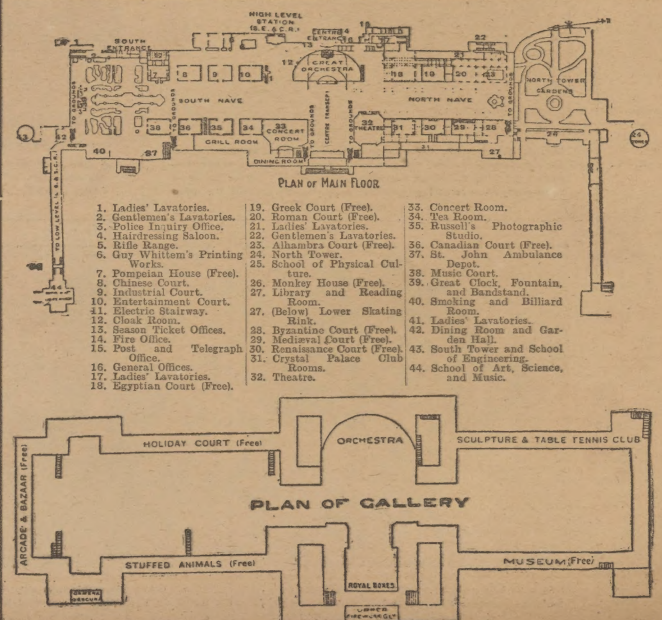
Leave London Bridge.	Leave Victoria.	Leave Kensington.	Leave Liverpool Street.	Leave New Cross.
A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.
8.45 8.50	8.55 9.00	9.53 9.58	8.48 8.53	8.25 8.30
9.25 9.30	9.35 9.40	10.22 10.27	9.15 9.20	8.51 8.56
9.45 9.50	9.55 10.00	10.40 10.45	10.27 10.32	9.42 9.47
10.4 10.9	10.49 10.54	11.16 11.21	11.32 11.37	10.46 10.51
10.46 10.51	10.56 11.01	11.40 11.45	11.57 12.02	11.29 11.34
11.23 11.28	11.33 11.38	12.10 12.15	12.37 12.42	11.56 12.01
11.60 11.65	11.75 11.80	12.37 12.42	12.57 13.02	12.12 12.17
P.M. 6.32	6.48 6.53	1.16 1.21	1.30 1.35	12.29 12.34
12.10 12.15	12.25 12.30	1.48 1.53	1.48 1.53	12.54 12.59
12.23 12.28	12.33 12.38	2.16 2.21	2.16 2.21	1.1 1.6
12.48 12.53	1.0 1.05	2.34 2.39	2.34 2.39	1.21 1.26
1.29 1.34	1.39 1.44	2.52 2.57	2.52 2.57	1.37 1.42
1.45 1.50	1.55 2.00	3.10 3.15	3.10 3.15	1.53 1.58
2.8 2.13	2.18 2.23	3.28 3.33	3.28 3.33	2.1 2.6
2.28 2.33	2.38 2.43	3.46 3.51	3.46 3.51	2.17 2.22
2.35 2.40	2.45 2.50	4.04 4.09	4.04 4.09	2.24 2.29
3.11 3.16	3.21 3.26	4.22 4.27	4.22 4.27	2.31 2.36

The above trains are the L.B. & S.C. Railway. The service will be supplemented if necessary.

Leave Ludgate Hill.	Leave Moorgate St.	Leave St. Paul's.	Leave Victoria (L.C. & D.R.).
A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.
8.16 8.21	8.55 9.00	8.59 9.04	8.48 8.53
9.5 9.10	9.59 10.04	9.54 9.59	9.37 9.42
9.50 9.55	10.42 10.47	10.46 10.51	10.15 10.20
10.7 10.12	11.0 11.05	11.04 11.09	11.2 11.7
10.42 10.47	11.31 11.36	11.36 11.41	11.33 11.38
11.9 11.14	11.59 12.04	12.03 12.08	11.57 12.02
11.50 11.55	12.36 12.41	12.36 12.41	12.15 12.20
12.40 12.45	1.1 1.15	1.15 1.20	1.17 1.22
1.12 1.17	1.23 1.28	1.23 1.28	1.24 1.29

The above trains are by the S.E. and C. Railway, and will be supplemented if necessary.

Leave WATERLOO (South)—7.35, 8.35, 11.2 a.m. 1.5, 2.36, 4.17, 5.38 p.m.
Leave WILLESDEN (J. Level, L. and N.W.)—9.44, 11.5 a.m. 2.15, 4.16, 6.42 p.m.



AUSTRALIAN CRICKET SLUMP

New Men to Visit England—
Brilliant Veterans Retire.

(From Our Sydney Correspondent.)

At their last meeting the executive of the New South Wales Cricket Association dealt with the invitation issued by the Marylebone Cricket Club for an Australian team to visit England in 1905.

It was agreed that the Melbourne and Adelaide Associations should at once be communicated with, in order that selectors for each of these may be appointed without any further loss of time.

This haste in appointing selectors indicates the general uneasiness that is felt in cricket circles as to the prospects of next year's team. The season has opened void of promise. Many of the veterans are dropping out, and there are practically no brilliant youngsters to step into the vacant places.

Trumper's Ill-Health.

Trumble, Darling, and Jones have definitely retired from first-class cricket. Trumper, who has been the mainstay of the Australian batting for the past three years, is by no means himself at present. His health has been indifferent throughout the winter, and now he could hardly be looked upon for the brilliant Victor Trumper who visited England in 1902.

The most promising recruits are Cotter and Claxton. Cotter is the fast bowler, who performed so well against Ivarner's team. He is a powerful youngster, and full of cricket. Claxton comes from South Australia, and has the makings of a fine

all-round player. With the exception of Osborne, a young Victorian bowler, the three leading States hold no further promise of new blood. It is not surprising that eyes are being turned in the direction of Tasmania, Queensland, and even Western Australia.

Tasmania possesses two fine cricketers in Windsor and Savigny, both of whom performed with distinction against the last visiting team. Of Queensland players, Henry, the aboriginal fast bowler, and Byrne are both mentioned. West Australia possesses a first-class batsman in North, but he has had as yet little or no experience of "big" cricket.

During the coming season opportunities will be made to test all these players, and possibly one or two more. Failing any performances of promise on their part, the selectors will have to fall back on a group of players who have already been tried in test matches. Among these are Laver, C. McLeod, and McMichael, of Victoria, and C. Gregory and Hickson, of New South Wales.

These are all sound cricketers, but it is generally felt that they are not quite up to test-match form. Noble, Hill, Duff, Hopkins, and Kelly are all in great form, having kept fit through the winter by assiduous baseball practice.

Interest in cricket was never keener in Australia than at the present time.

HOUSE-HUNTING COMPETITION.

Is this your house? That is the question we are asking in the *Mirror*.

Refer to page 8, and you will see a house. If it is the house you live in, say so at once.

Any tenant answering in the affirmative, and proving his claim by a certificate from his landlord, will receive two guineas.

"TIMES" AND MR. MARKS.

Remarkable Attacks on the
Thanet Candidate.

The "Times" looks with great disfavour upon the candidature of Mr. Harry Marks in the historic Isle of Thanet. In a long leading article yesterday Mr. Marks is criticised as a man with a past which makes it the duty of the Unionists to "refuse him their support," unless he can publicly explain certain "incidents in his career." The opinion of Mr. Marks' candidature—taken on the part of a section of the local Unionists, is described as "absolutely justified in the best interest of the Unionist cause."

Dealing with the vital question as to whether Mr. Marks is or is not a proper person to uphold the Unionist cause, the "Thamesider"—the sobriquet was never more appropriate—takes up the incidents of Mr. Marks' past, leaving scarcely a straw ungathered.

A Woman in the Case.

Marking back to the year 1880, when the "Marks v. Butterfield" libel case was heard, the "Times" tells the story of the trial, in which Mr. Marks took criminal action against Mr. Butterfield. The libel complained of charged Mr. Marks with "having robbed, ill-used, and deserted" a woman with whom he had lived several years in New York. It also alleged that Mr. Marks was exploiting London then, after over-doing New York.

After a hearing of nine days the jury found that the libel was true, that the plea of justifi-

cation was made out, and that the publication was for the public benefit.

The Recorder, the late Sir Thomas Chambers, expressed his emphatic dissent from the verdict. He said that he entirely disagreed with it, and, "as to the first part, it is absolutely without any evidence in support of it." Mr. Marks is fully entitled to ask the Recorder as well as the verdict of the jury.

In "Head v. Glesnek," the plaintiff, who was chairman of the company owning the newspaper of which Mr. Marks was the editor, stated in the witness-box that, after the case of "Marks v. Butterfield," Mr. Marks admitted that he had "done a discreditable thing."

Cheque for £10,000.

He acknowledged, further, that in regard to the Beeston Tyre Company he believed a cheque for £2,000 was paid to Mr. Marks on May 15, 1896, and that on the next day an article appeared in the "Financial News," praising up the Simpson Lever Company, which was being launched by Mr. Hooley.

He also swore that "at the time Hooley promoted the Dunlop Company Marks received a cheque from Hooley for £10,000."

These are amongst the incidents which Mr. Marks has to explain.

Mr. Marks may have put before them (the local committee) absolutely convincing proofs of his case. But we do say (says the "Times"), that it is wholly unreasonable to call upon others, who have not been allowed to hear or to see these proofs, to accept them as conclusive on the bare word of this amateur tribunal.

LOVE AT A PRICE.

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. (continued).

For a few seconds neither spoke. They were alone in the little kitchen of the house. Then Gramphorn went over to the door and closed it with his left hand. The trivial action struck deep into Juliet's heart.

"Forgive me," she cried, coming forward to his side. "I had forgotten—oh, I am a brute—your hand, is it better? You must forgive me! I have had so much to think of," and she pressed her hand across her forehead, as though dazed with the tumult of her thoughts.

"Sit down, child," said Gramphorn, with a smile; "sit down and rest. You look tired. My hand is all right. I'll have these bandages off in a day or two. I am glad Stanton is better. It has been a great anxiety to me—and you." Juliet winced at the slight emphasis on the last word. She flung herself into a hard oak chair, and her cheeks crimsoned with shame.

"You wonder why I am here," she said, in a low voice, "by the side of the man whom—where you would least expect to find me. I will tell you. Two days ago Sir William Hawk wrote and asked me to come. He said that George Stanton had recovered consciousness and was waiting, and that he had asked to see me. I came. Sir William Hawk told me that if—that if I—oh, how can I explain myself?"

"Let me do it for you," said Gramphorn. "Sir William told you that you might save Stanton's life by pretending to still love him—by giving him something to live for. Am I right?"

"You are right," answered Juliet, covering her burning face with her hands. "How could I refuse—with a man's life at stake. It was such a little thing to do—such a little bit of play acting."

"And when Stanton gets well?" asked Gramphorn, with a curious twitch of his upper lip. Juliet smiled, a mere ghost of a smile.

"Oh, that will be easy enough," she said. "I can change my mind. But do you understand why I am here? It was my duty. Could I have acted otherwise—a man's life at stake, mark you?"

Gramphorn's eyes blazed with sudden anger; then his face grew white and hard and he leant back with his whole hand nervously gripping the arm of the chair.

"Are you ill?" cried Juliet, rising to her feet.

"Ill, dear?" he replied tenderly. "No, I am only tired. I shall be all right in a minute." He sat very still and a cold perspiration bathed his forehead. He should have been in bed, but he had escaped the doctors and crept down into Essex like some criminal fleeing from justice. Juliet resumed her seat and looked at him anxiously. Then suddenly a long moan broke the silence. It gradually rose into a shriek, then there was the sound of a scuffle, and then the voice died down into silence again. Gramphorn looked interrogatively at Juliet.

"Not Stanton?" she said quietly; "the other man. He has been terrible. He is to be moved to-night—to an asylum."

"Who is he?" asked Gramphorn.

"I have not seen him. They do not know his name; but he has been terrible—"

"Well, he is to go to-night," said Gramphorn, "and Stanton will be left in peace. Now, as to Stanton, Juliet, I must have a few words with you before I return to Saltington. This accident to Stanton has presented a grave problem to my mind. I must ask your assistance in solving it."

"Please explain," she said nervously.

"Our marriage," he continued, "has been fixed for April 3. It is very near, and yet—I do not see how it can ever take place."

"I do not understand you," murmured Juliet. "Why should our marriage not like place? I do not understand you; what has happened?"

"Much has happened," replied Gramphorn. "In the first place, Stanton has to some extent atoned for his past. He risked his life to save mine. I do not ask what his motives were; the fact remains." Juliet winced, as though she had been struck. She knew well enough what had brought George Stanton into that part of the world.

"I do not see," she said slowly, "what this has to do with our marriage, except that it has left you alive and free to marry me."

"You promised to marry me," continued Gramphorn, as though expounding some impersonal argument, "because you found George Stanton was unworthy of your love. You do not love me. You have never made a pretence of loving me."

"I have promised to marry you," said Juliet softly; "is that not enough?"

"It would be enough," said Gramphorn, "if you loved no one else, for in time I would make you love me. But you still love George Stanton." Juliet was silent, and did not look into the eyes that were searching her face for the truth.

"You still love George Stanton," cried Gramphorn passionately, "you dare not deny it."

"I still love George Stanton," she said mechanically, as though repeating some lesson.

phorn's head, which would certainly have ended his career if it had reached its destination. But Gramphorn averted aside, and the next moment the muscular Jerry was on the madman from behind, locking him in his arms, and bearing him to the ground with a crash that rattled the ornaments on the mantelpiece. Jerry rose to his feet, but Wilkinson lay still as a pole-axed bullock. Jerry proceeded to lash his hands and feet together.

"Poor brute," muttered Gramphorn, "has it come to this? Here, you fellow, stop that game. Fetch in Sir William Hawk." Jerry rose to his feet with a scowl.

"I wish he'd caught you on the 'ead, I do," he growled, "you'd not be so soft. Ah, would you?"

Wilkinson raised himself from the ground and snarled at Jerry's leg with his teeth. The latter caught him a fearful blow on the face, and the madman sank down again into a mere huddled heap of clothes. Then the door opened, and Sir William Hawk entered the room.

"What is all this?" he said sternly. "Ah, you here, Gramphorn! What about the hand?"

"That's all right," said Gramphorn cheerily. "You were mistaken; but you'd better look to this fellow at once." The doctor examined Wilkinson much as a vet. might look at a dying horse.

"He's done for," he said quietly. "Won't last more than a day." He took a small phial from his pocket, and forced some liquid between the

Half an hour afterwards Gramphorn stood at the door of the house with Juliet Amerlie.

"Good-bye," he said quietly, "there is nothing now between you and Stanton. My right hand was taken off a fortnight ago. It is an omen I cannot hold you. You are free."

For reply Juliet placed her hands on his shoulders and kissed his white, cold face.

"I am so sorry," she said tenderly, "so very sorry—but there are better things in the world than a woman's love, and you will still hold them in your grasp. Love is too poor a prize for men like you. Good-bye."

He passed his left arm round her, drew her close to him, kissed her once passionately on the lips, and then went out into the night. It should have been ablaze with all the glories of empire, but it was very dark.

*** ** *

"No," said Stanton, "I cannot accept the money, but I will ask you to give me a fresh start in life."

He was in the library of John Gramphorn's new house in Park-lane.

"Take twenty thousand pounds," he said, "your original fortune."

"I will take nothing," replied Stanton, "but give me a job where I can prove myself to be a man."

"Mashangweland," suggested Gramphorn.

"No," replied Stanton quickly, "not Mashangweland!" Gramphorn turned over a pile of papers and drew out a sheet of foolscap, stamped with the Imperial arms of Russia.

"I want someone to prospect in Northern Siberia," he said. "I have here a permit from the Emperor. There will be a little danger, a little difficulty, and possibly a lot of hardships. I think you are the man for the job. Will you go?"

"Yes," said Stanton, "I will certainly go. But before I take advantage of your offer, I should like to tell you something. A few days before I killed John Stirling I came down to Salt Hall for the express purpose of taking your life." Gramphorn shrugged his shoulders.

"It is sufficient that you were there to save it," he said, without looking at Stanton's face.

"Gramphorn," Stanton cried, "I think you are one of the greatest men that God ever made; then, as though ashamed of this outburst of feeling, he suddenly disappeared and slammed the door behind him.

Gramphorn rose to his feet and walked across the room to the broad window which looked out over Hyde Park.

"One of the greatest men," said Gramphorn to himself, with an ironical laugh, "say, rather, one of the least useful of men!"

A cloud bank fell silently and blotted out the crimson background to the trees. Gramphorn stood as still as a statue. Some terrible darkness seemed to be driving out the light from his mind. He was a lonely pillar on a silent plain, scarcely visible in the shadows of night. Then suddenly the clouds broke, and, almost overhead, he saw a single star.

He turned sharply from the window, and crossed the darkening room to the mantelpiece, where a large photograph of Juliet, as Lady Macbeth, gleamed in the twilight. He took it in his hand, pressed it to his lips, and then placed it on the fire.

It burned merrily, and by the light a great map of Mashangweland stood out clearly on the wall. Gramphorn walked up to it, and placed one of his fingers on Corba.

"Perhaps, after all," he said to himself, "this is best."

The flame of the burning photograph died down. Gramphorn stood alone in the darkness—the Master of Empires, the Prince of financiers, the richest man in the whole world, but for all that—alone.

THE END.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE PALACE

TO-MORROW, Saturday, Sept. 24,

Readers of the "Daily Mirror" should
read the opening chapters of

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

OUR THRILLING NEW SERIAL.

"And yet," said Gramphorn slowly, "we are to be married on April 3."

"I release you from your engagement," he said hoarsely; "I will not marry you. I admire you for your constancy, but I cannot marry a woman who loves another man. It would be sacrilege—the sale and barter of a soul."

"I do not ask you to release me," Juliet said tenderly. "I have cut George Stanton out of my life. When he is well, I shall never set eyes on him again. I offer you all I have to give, who have been so good to me."

"I do not want gratitude," replied Gramphorn brutally, "and if your heart is another's, you would be nothing more to me than—nothing more than all rich men can buy. I shall not marry you. Heaven, what is that?"

There was a fearful shriek, and a crash, and a second later one of the rough, ill-made doors, opening into the kitchen, bulged inwards, and broke in half down the middle. A man rushed into the room; his hands were streaked with blood, he was foaming at the mouth, and his white, haggard face was horribly convulsed with fury. He held an iron tiler in his hand. The terrible spectacle before them was all that remained of Arthur Wilkinson, broken in body and mind.

The madman caught sight of Gramphorn, and, backing to the wall, struck such terrible blows at the air that Jerry did not dare to approach him.

"Ah, you hell-bound," he yelled, "here's for Mashangweland and glory!" He sprang from the wall like a tiger, and aimed a blow at Gram-

phorn's head, which would certainly have ended his career if it had reached its destination. But Gramphorn averted aside, and the next moment the muscular Jerry was on the madman from behind, locking him in his arms, and bearing him to the ground with a crash that rattled the ornaments on the mantelpiece. Jerry rose to his feet, but Wilkinson lay still as a pole-axed bullock. Jerry proceeded to lash his hands and feet together.

"Poor brute," muttered Gramphorn, "has it come to this? Here, you fellow, stop that game. Fetch in Sir William Hawk." Jerry rose to his feet with a scowl.

"I wish he'd caught you on the 'ead, I do," he growled, "you'd not be so soft. Ah, would you?"

Wilkinson raised himself from the ground and snarled at Jerry's leg with his teeth. The latter caught him a fearful blow on the face, and the madman sank down again into a mere huddled heap of clothes. Then the door opened, and Sir William Hawk entered the room.

"What is all this?" he said sternly. "Ah, you here, Gramphorn! What about the hand?"

"That's all right," said Gramphorn cheerily. "You were mistaken; but you'd better look to this fellow at once." The doctor examined Wilkinson much as a vet. might look at a dying horse.

"He's done for," he said quietly. "Won't last more than a day." He took a small phial from his pocket, and forced some liquid between the

man's lips. Wilkinson writhed as though his throat had been scorched with fire. Then suddenly he raised himself on one elbow, and gazed round the room. His white face, streaming with blood, was horrible to look upon.

"Where am I?" he gasped faintly. "Ah, you are both here, I see. Miss Amerlie and Gramphorn, are they not congratulations?"

"The last consciousness before death," whispered Sir William in Gramphorn's ear.

"You are on top, Gramphorn," the man continued; "I am as low as a man can get till he sinks into hell. Age, and young Stanton, too, he's pretty low, but I'll give him a lift before I peg out. Perhaps he will put a spoke in your wheel, Gramphorn. See, here!" He fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a dirty slip of paper. It fluttered to the floor from his trembling fingers.

"Take it, Miss Amerlie," he said, "it will do your heart good to read it." Juliet stooped down, and, picking up the paper, read Smith Hessington's last message to his friend.

"Smith Hessington committed suicide," said Wilkinson, "that's what's been him. I knew it all the time. A wave of joy swept over Juliet's face and it did not escape the notice of the dying man.

"Ah, that hits you, Gramphorn, does it?" he muttered. "I am glad. You have crushed us all. But perhaps you will find that there is something sweeter than power and empire, and that you have lost it."

He sank back on to the floor and died, as he had lived, with hatred of John Gramphorn in his heart.

BEAUTY IN THE HIGHLANDS—GOLF JERSEY AND A WATERPROOF CAPE.

FICKLE FASHIONS.

RADICAL CHANGES IN THE MODES.

There are radical changes in the fashions this autumn. In the first place the new gowns are built to reveal the outline of the figure and to emphasise its good points. And this is not only welcome news to the woman who knows she has a beautiful figure, and is naturally anxious to show it, but is an announcement equally pleasing to the one whose figure can stand improvement, for good figures nowadays are made to order with astonishing facility.

The new frocks testify in their bodices the most pronounced changes. The draped, boned and fitted to the figure bodice is taking the place of the loose, careless blouse. Girdles are so cleverly boned that they are pliable though stiffened, and are, in fact, a salient part of the corsage.

The shoulder line is gradually growing broader, for the 1890 drump is disappearing. The sleeve is keeping up its reputation for elaboration. Fanciful elbow ones are considered modish for dressy frocks, as well as sleeves with deep cuffs which cling to the arm below the elbow but show much fulness near the shoulder.

The skirts of the moment are many of them veritable old-fashioned models. Over the hips they are fitted snugly and with great skill, but below that they flare out considerably. As yet, there is no suggestion of paniers, though perhaps the new

tiest hats have been made, but such small things are seldom becoming, and are therefore not so popular as the more picturesque big hat. This quality is demanded of every woman, and the milliner of to-day seals her customer before a mirror and works upon her hat until it is perfect.

Round hats with high, square crowns are to be the most popular hats of the winter, and it cannot be denied that such crowns look very smart. Lace brims and crowns will be much seen, and look very well with embroidery upon them. One very handsome lace brim has flowers worked upon it in black lace; another has painted blossoms.

Feathers that trailed last season are now bunched and grouped upon the hat, hence the fact that the single long trailing plume, while it will never go completely out of fashion, is much less fashionable than it used to be. The tendency now is towards higher trimmings. Feathers are trained

MOCK OYSTERS.

SALSIFY SOUP AN AUTUMN DELICACY.

Salsify is frequently called vegetable oyster, from its resemblance in flavour to the luscious bivalve so freely used throughout nine months of the year. Large, quickly-grown roots of salsify are to be preferred to small ones, as they are more easily prepared.

For a dinner for six people two good-sized bunches will be needed. Trim off the tops, and, having in readiness a bowl of cold water to which a tablespoonful of vinegar has been added, scrape the roots, dropping each as prepared into the water.

autumn and winter hats, with chenille as the predominating material.

Suede is combined with other materials in the newest passementeries.

Ornaments of leather and metal combined trim morning hats for the autumn.

Dresden china buttons in large and medium sizes are conspicuous now on new suits.

Gold-hued silk lace is to be employed for millinery and dress garnitures this autumn.

Smart buttons, made of real silver and even gold in many cases, give a finish to cloth coats.

In keeping with the popularity of brown as a dress colour, underskirts of golden brown are in demand.

Ruchings, pipings, gathers, and frills multiply and overflow in the present scheme of dress ornamentation.

A new note of trimming is introduced by the use of turnover collars and cuffs of soft leather on taffetas shirts.

The rapidly-increasing circumference of the skirt seems to point more and more to the inevitableness of the crinoline.

DANGEROUS ENJOYMENT.

FLIRTS WHO RUN RISKS OF UNHAPPINESS.

"The woman who does not choose to love should cut the matter short at once by holding out no hopes to her suitor." So wrote Marguerite de Valois, a clever Frenchwoman. And good advice it is.

When a woman encourages a man for whom she does not care she is getting herself into more or less trouble, for it is not so easy to be rid of an admirer as one imagines.

You cannot marry a man just because he happens to love you. You may make him unhappy by refusing him, but you will make him more unhappy if you marry him. One-sided love cannot endure very long, and when such conditions exist two lives are sadly battered, if they are not wrecked entirely.

FROM THE BACK AGES.

A new business for women is the illuminating of books, for the finest editions of which hand-painting is employed. This harking back to the old days when cream vellum was employed for books, beautifully illuminated by hand, is a welcome fad of to-day. The dainty touch of women is specially adapted to this work, and those who have taken up the illumination of books find it both profitable and fascinating.

THE YELLOW PERIL.

Of late years much has been written and more said about "the yellow peril"—by which, of course, is meant the awakening of John Chinaman from his long sleep, and his migration from China to other lands. That fact constitutes what is called the yellow peril, and a very real peril it is; for there is a well-founded belief that the almond-eyed, yellow-skinned Chinaman can work for eighteen out of twenty-four hours; that he can live upon very little of the cheapest food; that he makes and repairs his own clothes; that he is content to live in a pig-sty—in brief, that he can prosper and grow fat in circumstances under which an Englishman would die.

But there is another yellow peril, vastly more dangerous than the coming of John Chinaman, with which we English have been so long familiar that we too often fail to regard it with the seriousness its importance deserves. We allude to that yellowness of the eyes and skin which denotes biliousness.

"In the early part of 1890 I noticed that my skin and the whites of my eyes were turning yellow. Along with this ugly colour came a low feeling and great mental depression. What my complaint was I could not have told you. I had no appetite, and felt a great deal of pain after eating, however slender the meal I took. My breathing was short and hurried, and I had pain at the heart and the left side. Every morning I began the day tired and miserable from want of rest and sleep. At last I was so weak that I had to use sticks to get about."

Such is the melancholy account of her condition written by Mrs. Sarah Arkwell, of Hempton-lane, Almondsbury, near Bristol; some few years ago. It lasted three years, and for seven months of that time she was confined to her bed. After various doctors had been consulted, and many medicines tried in vain, Mrs. Arkwell's husband urged her to make a trial of Mother Seigel's Chinese Syrup. The result shall be stated in Mrs. Arkwell's own words. "Soon after I began to take the Syrup," she says, "my pains decreased and food began to agree with me. As I continued to take the Syrup my condition gradually improved until I was as well and strong as ever I had been in my life. All the people round about my home knew of my case and marvelled at it."

Writing again so recently as May 31st, 1904, Mrs. Arkwell says: "So thorough and permanent has been my cure by Mother Seigel's Syrup that I can honestly say that I have been like a different woman ever since."

When the skin and eyes turn yellow is the worst yellow peril. At the first sign of such a misfortune is the time to act as Mr. Arkwell advised.



This is a golf coat built on the same principles as the poncho with a shoulder fastening.

short basque jacket may be a fore-runner in disguise of this fashion of other days.

Horsehair is used to keep the skirt from clinging about the ankles—sometimes in the skirt proper, and sometimes sewn into the flounce or flounces of the underskirt. Heavy cords are another device for giving a full skirt the proper flare at the edge, and frequently these are applied to the underskirt.

Gauged flounces are a favourite trimming of the new skirts, and the old-fashioned scallops, which display rows upon rows of beautiful machine stitching, are also the mode.

The hats of this autumn are either extremely large or very small. For wedding occasions and for other extremely full-dress events some of the

over the crowns of hats or are bunched in a group which is placed well towards the front of the hat.

Another style of feather trimming which will be very popular this autumn and winter is the lyre feather. An ostrich plume is turned inside out, so to speak, and is tightly curled. It is then trained round the brim of the hat or underneath it, or is used as a feather trimming to go round the crown. Old feathers can be utilised in this way.

VANITY BAGS.

WALRUS SKIN THE GREAT NOVELTY.

The vogue for the handbag is quite a settled thing, and the latest productions make one wonder what such bags will contain next in the way of fittings. Vanity bags—so-called because of their contents of powder, puff, and mirror—have taken unto themselves in addition a pencil, a note-book, and a purse that can be opened either from the inside or the outside of the bag.

These novel envelope vanity bags are obtainable in a bewildering array of new shapes and new leather. It is quite the fashion to have the bag to match the gown, and often the bag and belt are cut from the one piece. Walrus skin is to be the fashionable novelty leather of this winter.

This prevents discolouration. When all are done, cut them into inch lengths, place these in a porcelain-lined saucepan, cover them with boiling water, and add a scant tablespoonful of salt, and boil the whole until it is tender enough to press through a sieve. In a double boiler scald a pint and a half of milk. Rub together one heaping tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, and into this paste stir gradually half a cupful of the hot milk. When this is blended turn it into the double boiler and stir all together until smoothly thickened.

Mix with this the pulped salsify, and season it well with salt and pepper. Trim the crust off two thin slices of stale bread and cut them into half-inch dice. Heat a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan or small frying-pan, drop in the bread, and shake it over a moderate fire until it is a golden brown. When serving the soup send these croutons to the table on a small dish and pass them round with the soup.

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.

Leather is the chief decorative motif this season for motor costumes.

Green, mulberry, and red are the dyes liked for smart underskirts.

Embroidered bands will adorn many of the

Family Washing

is only half as much labour since Fels-Naptha came; and clothes last two or three times as long.

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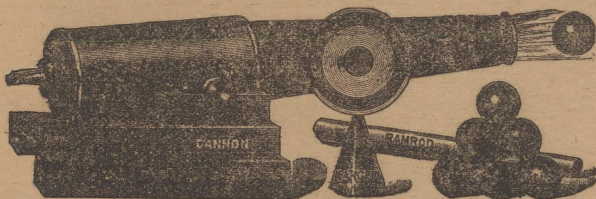
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EXCITING FINISHES AT FOLKESTONE.

Fair Sport at Pontefract—W. Lane's Serious Condition—Pretty Polly's French Engagement.

'GREY FRIARS' SELECTIONS FOR MANCHESTER

Visitors to Folkestone yesterday thought that autumn had forfeited something to winter. The temperature was low, the skies sullen. Luckily, the little rain fell, and the liveliness of the racing made matters enjoyable. There was a capital attendance in every department, and it is obvious that the excellent management has succeeded in popularising Folkestone.

Fallon's stable left Egyptian Beauty at home, and relied on the Aldbourne filly for the Juvenile Plate. There seemed to be at the outset as much money for Bensavia, but the continued demand for the Aldbourne filly almost dried up a rather weak market, and even money was the best price procurable. She won, after a desperately tough struggle, by a short head from Bensavia. There was no bid for the winner when put up to auction.

Another two-year-old race followed, and Simons-town, who had at the previous meeting won over the course, was regarded as little short of a certainty. Odds were freely laid on her, albeit Wise Love had put in a respectable performance at Lewes, and now commanded support. Simons-town made all the running and won in a canter, pulling up as if she had had merely an exercise spin.

Close Finishes.
Madden had a rough time on Ailes d'Or, favourite for the Ronsey Handicap. The horse was very fractious at the post, but ultimately got away very well. Solano, Rose Blair, and Emma gelding held prominent places in the early stages of the race, and the last-named did best of this division, but was unable to stall off the Blow filly, who challenged at the distance and won by half a length. Emma gelding was only a head in front of Bibury, and the latter barely kept Devere out of third place.

Charivari and Theodorice were the outsiders of the party for the Sandling Plate, so there was probably no money lost when the pair got badly away, and were quickly tailed off. There was a fine fight between Kitty Rat and Incantation in the straight, and just as the former seemed to have upper hand Rapt appeared on the scene and lowered Kitty Rat's colours by a head. Rapt was subsequently bought in for 125 guineas.

Madden had a successful ride on Morny in the Dover Handicap, much to the gratification of backers. Flare bolted with young Halsey and went right round the course twice. She did not come under the starter's orders. The fancied lot in the Hythe Welter, St. Kitts, Bellivior Tor, and Aralia, were readily bowled over by the outsider, Intaglio, who went to the front early in the second mile and scored easily at the finish.

Pontefract Races.

The programme for the final stage at Pontefract worked out well, and showed more interesting sport, than all round, than that of the first day, but fields fizzled out towards the end, and it was a disappointment to the holiday-makers to find only three going to the post for the principal event—the Great Hall Handicap. In the matter of wagering, however, this race proved to be spirited, and between Sarah and St. John's Wood, but the former maintained her favouritism by a slight fraction to the end. She looked like winning when nearing home, but quickly dropped away again, and St. John's Wood won easily from a moderate lot. The Bramber trainer, W. E. Eley, scored twice, and his jockey, E. Wheatley, won on Alledory and Percussion.

The latest news from Lingfield last night reported W. Lane to be still unconscious. There was a slight improvement noticeable in the symptoms, and a hopeful view was taken of the case by his medical attendant. But the patient's condition was still regarded as very grave.

Already there are rumours, more or less badly grounded, to the effect that, because of Lane's inability to ride, Pretty Polly will not fulfil her engagement in France in the Prix du Conseil Municipal. Major Loder has come to no such conclusion. Trigg rode Pretty Polly the first time she appeared on a racecourse. Halsey won on the filly two afterwards, and Lane is in all her other races. Polly is easily handled by any jockey, for she is one of the most tractable horses in training.

Far and away the best racing of the week will be seen at Manchester. There is an enormous arrival list, and the competition will be of the keenest.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

MANCHESTER.

- 2.0.—September T.Y.O.—BIBIANI.
2.30.—Bury T.Y.O. Plate—LADY DIAKKA.
3.0.—Lancaster Nursery—LADY HONORA RIEVAUX.
3.30.—Trafford Handicap—FALCON.
4.0.—Friday Selling Plate—STEPHEN'S GREEN.

Mr. A. Farrer's LADY MARLBOROUGH, 8st 11lb. Randall 2	Mr. Reid Walker's Courtenay (9st 6lb) Hassall 8 13
Mr. O. Perkins's LADY HAWKER, 7st 6lb. Barby 3	Mr. Reid Walker's Courtenay (9st 6lb) Hassall 8 13
Also ran: Spectator (7st 13lb), St. Langton (7st 12lb), Traveller (7st 10lb), Master Match (8st 10lb), Rapid Stream (8st 9lb), Lady Quick (8st 7lb). W. E. Eley	Mr. W. Bass's Wet Paint Taylor 8 0
Betting—3 to 1 agt Lady Hawker, 7 to 2 agt Lady Marlborough, 4 to 1 Salford, 6 to 1 to the Rapid Stream, 10 to 1 agt any other. Won easily. Five lengths. A short race between the second and third.	Mr. A. E. McKinlay's St. Hubert Southwell 7 10
3.15.—LOWTHER SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE of 150 sovs. for two-year-olds only; winner to be sold for 50 sovs. Five furlongs.	Mr. H. R. Thorne's Borgeuse Sadler, jun. 2 9
Mr. C. Peckin's C.B.Q., by Raby—Lady Salisbury, 9st. Randall 1	Mr. A. H. Thorpe's La Salina Owner 2 11
Mr. J. A. Dawson's O by RAEBURN—PELF, 8st 10lb. Whalley 2	
Mr. Hols Toder's PRIDE OF LOTHAIR, 8st 6lb. Sharples 3	
Also ran: Touchwood (8st 11lb), Overwin (8st 4lb), No Trick (8st 3lb), Vin (7st 11lb), Guide Post (7st 11lb), Marton Hood (7st 12lb). W. E. Eley	
Betting—(Winner trained by W. A. Tansell). 5 to 1 agt C.B.Q., 1 to 1 the Pelf colt, 8 to 1 each Touchwood and Overwin, 10 to 1 any other. Won by a length and a half; a neck separated the second and third. There was no bid for the winner. Vin was sold to Mr. W. Eley for 60 guineas.	
3.45.—GROVE HALL HANDICAP PLATE of 200 sovs. One mile and five furlongs.	
Mr. H. Straker's ST. JOHN'S WOOD, by St. Simonini—Maggie, 9st 12lb. St. Serf 3 13	
Mr. James J. ADELLA, 5yrs, 8st 12lb (car. cat. Sashy) 2	
Mr. W. H. Wilson's SAROTH, 5yrs, 7st 13lb. E. Wheatley 3	
Betting—(Winner trained by Martin). 5 to 1 agt St. John's Wood, 5 to 1 agt ADELLA, won by six lengths; two lengths between the second and third.	
4.10.—HAREWOOD PLATE of 100 sovs. for maidens at the time of closing. One mile and a half.	
Lord Penrhyn's PRIDE OF LOTHAIR, 8st 6lb. Whalley 1	
Mr. Reid Walker's DREAMER, 5yrs, 8st 7lb. J. Rogers 2	
Betting—100 to 8 on Percussion. Won by three-quarters of a length.	

Mr. Reid Walker's Courtenay (9st 6lb) Hassall 8 13	Mr. Reid Walker's Courtenay (9st 6lb) Hassall 8 13
Mr. W. Bass's Wet Paint Taylor 8 0	Mr. W. Bass's Wet Paint Taylor 8 0
Mr. A. E. McKinlay's St. Hubert Southwell 7 10	Mr. A. E. McKinlay's St. Hubert Southwell 7 10
Mr. H. R. Thorne's Borgeuse Sadler, jun. 2 9	Mr. H. R. Thorne's Borgeuse Sadler, jun. 2 9
Mr. A. H. Thorpe's La Salina Owner 2 11	Mr. A. H. Thorpe's La Salina Owner 2 11

Mr. Reid Walker's Courtenay (9st 6lb) Hassall 8 13	Mr. Reid Walker's Courtenay (9st 6lb) Hassall 8 13
Mr. W. Bass's Wet Paint Taylor 8 0	Mr. W. Bass's Wet Paint Taylor 8 0
Mr. A. E. McKinlay's St. Hubert Southwell 7 10	Mr. A. E. McKinlay's St. Hubert Southwell 7 10
Mr. H. R. Thorne's Borgeuse Sadler, jun. 2 9	Mr. H. R. Thorne's Borgeuse Sadler, jun. 2 9
Mr. A. H. Thorpe's La Salina Owner 2 11	Mr. A. H. Thorpe's La Salina Owner 2 11

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